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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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VOL. XL.

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

NO. 8

RESULTS OF THE ELECTIONS

Held on Tuesday in Smethport Borough and Keating Township.

DEMOCRATS ELECT THEIR BURGESS.

Could not Get Out the Vote—Result in Keating—Judge Reynolds an Easy Winner.

The borough election Tuesday resulted in a victory for both parties. So everybody should be satisfied. Much to the disappointment of his many friends, W. A. Anderton, the Republican candidate for burgess, was defeated. This was probably due to the failure to get out the full vote, as but little over half the registered vote was polled. However, Chas McKean, the successful Democratic candidate, will undoubtedly prove a first class official.

W. A. Ostrander, Republican, and John F. Rooney, Democrat, were elected as councilmen for three year terms, while H. H. Redfield captured the one year term.

For school directors Sheridan Gorton, Republican, and John Clark, Democrat, were the successful ones and will make excellent men for the school board.

R. C. Gleason, Republican, was elected tax collector; C. C. Choate, Republican auditor; G. A. Backus, Republican, judge of election, and C. H. Burlingame, Republican, and F. H. Freeman, Democrat, inspectors of election. Following is the vote:

Burgess—W. A. Anderton, R., 133; Chas. McKean, D., 176.

Council—W. A. Ostrander, R., 152; G. H. McCoy, R., 141; H. H. Redfield, R., 151; John H. Rooney, D., 148; Thos. W. Camp, D., 127; Geo. Shepard, D., 130.

School Directors—Oscar Engstrom, R., 139; Sheridan Gorton, R., 163; John Clark, D., 188; Washington Stark, D., 94.

High Constable—Andrew Ness, R., 123; E. W. Jones, D., 177.

Tax Collector—R. C. Gleason, R., 162; J. A. Holder, D., 147.

Auditor—C. C. Choate, R., 157; S. F. Redfield, D., 141.

Judge of Election—G. A. Backus, R., 166; John H. Lewis, D., 130.

Inspector of Election—C. H. Burlingame, 189; F. H. Freeman, D., 111.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First district. Supervisors—Nourse 56, Herzog 14, Pattison 58, McGill 51, Tyler 1. School Directors—Decker 30, Stratton 39, Wright 61, Oviatt 64, Cory 46, Comes 1. Tax Collector—Bray 53, Comes 7. Auditors—Reed 56, Gorman 48. Town Clerk—Reynolds 78. Constable—Pierce 61, Stickles 3. Assistant Assessor—Pratt 61, J. L. Oviatt 34. Judge of Election—Lewis 43, Abbey 51. Inspector of Election—Hallock 19, Pierce 37, Allen Oviatt 1.

Second District; Supervisors—Nourse 28, Herzog 87, Pattison 25, McGill 46, Tyler 14. School Directors—Decker 66, Stratton 65, Wright 45, Oviatt 23, Cory 48, Comes 36. Collector—Bray 102, Comes 1. Auditor—Reed 82, Gorman 28. Town Clerk—Reynolds 66, Roeder 1. Constable—Pierce 43. Asst. Assessor—Curtis 80, Lewis 1. Judge of Election—Champlin 66, Farley 45. Inspectors—Spencer 71, Cook 44.

Third District: Supervisors—Nourse 26, Herzog 18, Pattison 14, McGill 23, Tyler 6. School Directors—Decker 27, Stratton 18, Wright 20, Oviatt 22, Cory 24, Comes 1. Tax Collector—Bray 32, Comes 7. Auditor—Reed 22, Gorman 20. Town Clerk—Reynolds 29. Constable—Pierce 23. Asst. Assessor—Scott 38. Judge of Election—Hancock 39. Inspector—Shannon 31.

The race for supervisors was, as usually, a close one in Keating township. Messrs. Herzog and McGill were the winners. Judge Reynolds achieved another glorious victory, being elected town clerk by a vast majority.

Attend the Band Dance.

The Smethport band will give the first dance in the new opera house next Monday evening, Feb. 23. Here is an opportunity for everyone to show their appreciation for the services of the band. It requires considerable money to keep the organization going. The services of an instructor have to be paid for as well as new music, instruments, etc. The last dace given by the band boys was not well attended and the entertainment next Monday night will be given as a chance for the general public to show whether or not a band is wanted in Smethport. This is stated as a gentle reminder that although wind plays a prominent part in the motive power of a brass band, some coin is also necessary. The new opera house is a big building but its capacity should be tested to the utmost next Monday night.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

We are delighted to learn that Capt. James Hussey, who has been reported dead for the past year, is still living and that the efforts of the rebels to starve him in Andersonville and other places south proved unavailing. At the urgent solicitation of some of his friends here he has consented to give a lecture upon his experience while a prisoner, at the court house on Wednesday evening of this week. We pledge in advance that the lecture will be uncommonly interesting.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently preached an eloquent and powerful sermon on the death of President Lincoln. The following is his eloquent peroration:

"And now the martyr is moving in triumphant march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall bearers and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is grafted upon the infinite and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be.

"Pass on, thou last overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peans; your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ears. Wail and weep here; God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on! Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from thy midst an untried man and from among the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine, any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!"

A letter taken out of the postoffice at Cincinnati, addressed to J. Wilkes Booth, signed "Jun" and recognized as the handwriting of J. B. Booth, advises Wilkes to return to his profession and give up oil; that Richmond being taken the thing is up and therefore oil will not pay.

Never before in the history of our Republic has such a scene been witnessed as that which has passed before the eyes of the nation during the past ten days. The scene was the assembling of millions of Americans at different points on the route as the remains of the great, the noble, the humane savior of our country were being transferred from Washington to his former home on the prairies of Illinois. No matter what hour the train which conveyed the remains passed, every station was thronged with people. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning of Thursday, April 27, 1865, when the train reached Rochester. It remained there only a few moments and the corpse was not exposed, yet a gentleman who was there informs us that the streets around the depot were black with people, such was the intense anxiety of the masses to get near the remains of the one they loved most. So at Batavia and so at every town on the line of every road over which the remains passed. It was our good fortune to be in Buffalo on the morning the remains reached that city and such a demonstration we never before saw and we never expect to see again. The time for the arrival of the train was fixed at 7 o'clock, but long before that hour thousands of people had assembled in the neighborhood of the depot to witness its coming. At just seven o'clock the train was seen approaching and as it passed through the vast crowd, which but a moment before seemed gay and lively, sadness seemed to pervade the entire assemblage. The intelligent portion of the crowd uncovered their heads as the car which contained the President's remains passed. Soon after the train reached the city a military escort was formed and the remains were conveyed to St. James Hall, where they lay in state during the day. Tens of thousands of people called to pay their last tribute of respect and drop a silent tear over the form of the honored dead at this place. The hall was beautifully, yet mournfully, decorated, and so we might say of the entire city. It was to us truly a day of mourning.

A Washington dispatch dated 9:20 a. m., April 27, 1865, says: "J. Wilkes Booth and Harrold were chased from the swamp in St. Marys county, Maryland, to Garrett's farm, near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, by Col. Baker's forces. The barn in which they took refuge was fired. Booth in trying to make his escape was shot through the head and killed, lingering about three hours, and Harrold was captured. Booth's body and Harrold are now here."

Wise shears have been made by one family for four generations. You make no mistake in buying them of Holmes & Gilfillan.

Travellers' Club.

The Baptist church was filled on Saturday evening, when the Travellers' Club gave their Sealed Program.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison, vice president of the club, presided at the meeting in place of Mrs. D. C. Young, who was ill.

Mrs. Chas. McKean, treasurer, reported seven hundred and ten dollars on hand for the Club House fund after Mrs. Forsythe had turned over the proceeds of the last entertainment.

The evening was then left to the disposal of Mrs. Leon Hogarth, who had carefully planned and carried out an excellent literary and musical program.

Miss Gallup's piano solo was rendered with the skill of an artist.

A paper entitled "The Husband and the Club Woman" was treated in a bright and pleasing manner by Mrs. Sheridan Gorton.

Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women was read by Mrs. Hogarth, illustrated by four living pictures which were all effective and beautiful. Miss Lois Young represented Helen of Troy; Miss Rena Gallup was Cleopatra; Mrs. S. A. Powell was Jepthi's Daughter, and Mrs. J. W. Bouton appeared as Fair Rosamond.

The next number on the program was a selection from Dickens, entitled "Sam Weller's Valentine," read in a pleasing manner by Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

A piano duet by Mrs. Powell and Miss Lucy Wright was well received.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison's paper, "Woman and Nation," was the product of deep feeling, a wide knowledge of affairs of our own country and a belief in and appreciation of the true mission of a woman.

The program concluded with a song by Miss Agnes McCoy which was so well rendered that the audience refused to depart without an encore.

The sum realized, twenty dollars clear, was satisfactory when you consider the price of admission was only ten cents.

An Enjoyable Affair.

A large meeting of Brown Hive No. 48, L. O. T. M., was held last Thursday evening, Feb. 12th, at their lodge room in I. O. O. F. hall, the occasion being the installation of officers for the ensuing year. They entertained as their guests a large number of Sir Knights from Smethport Tent, K. O. T. M. There were also visitors present from Valley Hive No. 2, Sistersville, W. Va., Wellsboro and Mt. Jewett Hives. The gathering was pronounced by all a most enjoyable one.

The ceremonies of installation were conducted by Lady Deputy Great Commander Margaret M. Murray of Bradford, assisted by Mattie Charnock as chaplain, Emma Cummings as mistress-at-arms and Mary Hussey as sentinel. The following officers were installed into their respective chairs: Commander, Mollie E. Pierce; past commander, Carrie Pattison; lieutenant commander, Lydia Abbey; record keeper, Lizzie F. Holder; finance keeper, Belle Eagen; chaplain, Olive Nixon; sergeant, Ella Green; mistress-at-arms, Carrie Hungiville; sentinel, Margaret Gerritt; picket, Alzine Voorhees.

At the conclusion of these ceremonies the guards executed the drill in a most efficient manner, forming the letters K. and L. O. T. M., while little Miss Barnett recited an appropriate verse as each letter was completed. Mrs. Murray then made a brief address, extolling the many good points of the order of the Ladies of the Maccabees and giving a few statistics regarding the marvellous growth of the order and the wonderful work which has been accomplished in the ten years of its existence, it being the seventh largest fraternal beneficiary order in North America. At the close of her talk an elegant lunch was served by the ladies of Brown Hive.

A Pleasant Affair.

Supreme President of the P. H. C., H. C. Hall, D. D., of Sharon, Pa., and Supreme Sentinel A. J. Martin of Jamestown, N. Y., were in attendance at the meeting of the local circle Tuesday night. The visit of Mr. Hall was in the nature of a social call and none but members of the order were present, but there were over a hundred people present at that. Mr. Hall addressed the meeting and expressed great satisfaction at the flourishing condition of the Smethport circle. After the regular work of the lodge had been transacted dancing and other amusements were indulged in and elegant refreshments served. It was a happy occasion and those fortunate enough to be present are glad they are members of the P. H. C.

Republican Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the Republican County Committee held at the St. James Hotel, Bradford, ~~at~~ 2 p. m. Friday, Feb. 20, to fix the date for holding the caucuses and convention for the election of three delegates to attend the State Republican convention and to place in nomination candidates for county officers.

MYRON MATSON, Chairman.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

THE SARTWELL OIL FIELD.

There are 48 Producing Wells and More Drilling.

A NEW WELL COSTS $2,000.

Oil is Found in Kane Sand and It is Tiona Quality—Salt Water is the Curse of Sartwell District.

With the opening of spring there promises to be considerable new work under way in the Sartwell field in Eldred and Annin townships, says the Bolivar Breeze. Up to date there has been tested and found to be about 1,000 acres of producing territory. This is likely to be considerably enlarged this year. This is a new pool that has been developed within the past two years. The oil is found in the Kane or Haskill sand at a depth of 1,800 feet in the valleys and of 2,000 feet on the hills. It is an amber oil of 47 1-2 gravity and it is claimed to be equal to Tiona in quality. The Bradford sand is found 400 feet above the Kane but it is barren of oil and prolific in salt water. There is no gas in the Kane sand but considerable is found in a stray sand above the Bradford.

Allegany county oil men are largely interested in the field and have been active in developing it. There are 48 producing wells in the field and the runs last month were 1,800 barrels. The operators and number of wells are as follows:

Susquehanna Oil Company	17
Scott & Fay	5
Sartwell Oil Co	8
Emery, Love & Co	10
Martin O'Connor	2
McCurdy & O'Connor	3
Conley & Co	3
Total	48

There are two new wells under way. Martin O'Connor is drilling his No. 2 on the Joe Mullin farm of 150 acres which all looks to be inside the belt and the Susquehanna Oil Company is drilling its No. 17 on the John Doyle farm and has a rig under way for No. 18. Mr. O'Connor will keep a string of tools running all winter. He is the first man to introduce a gas drilling engine in the Sartwell field and has a 30 h. p. Reid running on his lease.

The Kane sand is about 35 feet in thickness and is gray in color. The wells start off from 15 to 20 barrels and at the end of 60 days are doing two barrels a day. They seem to hang at that rate for a long time, in fact that is the only hope of the field, for it costs about $2,000 to complete a well in the Sartwell district and put it to pumping. Some of the first wells drilled are still pumping two barrels a day and all of the Sartwell operators believe that the wells will be long lived. The curse of the field is salt water which seeps down from the Bradford sand. The average well pumps six barrels a day, four of salt water and two of oil. About 350 feet of casing is used and in the valleys drive pipe is required. The rule is to drill 6¼ holes.

The oil is purchased by the Emery Pipe Line and piped to the Emery refinery at Bradford. A pump station is located in the field and the oil sells for one cent a barrel above the Seep Agency quotation for Pennsylvania oil.

Martin O'Connor, a welll known Allegany county producer who has been exceedingly successful in business, has great faith in the staying qualities of the Sartwell wells and has some of the best property in the district. He has just added to his holdings by purchasing a quarter interest in the Sartwell Oil Company's lease of 150 acres and eight wells of W. L. McDonald of Olean for $3,500 cash.

Death of John Martin Hafner.

John Martin Hafner, mention of whose death was made in our last issue, was born near Clermont August 1, 1886, and therefore was aged 16 years, 6 months and 12 days.

He was the only son of John Hafner and a young man who had many friends wherever he was known. He resided in Smethport most of the time for the past year and played on the High School football team last fall and his many friends in this place will join with his father in deeply mourning his untimely death.

His remains were brought from the Simon Martin home on Saturday afternoon and the funeral services were held at the Baptist church at two o'clock, Rev. G. H. Patterson officiating. Interment was in Rose Hill cemetery.

Farm for Rent.

The Bayer farm in Sergeant township, one mile from Clermont, is offered for rent. Tenant must take possession this spring; all the necessary farming implements will be rented with the farm. The farm will be rented only to one who will engage to keep stock.

L. BAYER ESTATE.

Clermont, Pa., Jan. 5, 1903.

Use the Redfield mantle.

LITTLE OH MY'S TRIUMPH.

A Story for Children That May Interest Some "Grown-Ups."

Once upon a time there was a town that had as a steady amusement diet pink literary socials and other events of a stirring home talent nature. A number of inhabitants of the burg, whose temperature was above zero even in February, resolved to become wicked.

About this time two husky young boxers struck town and they were in straightened circumstances. They tapped each other a few one night before a small crowd and then passed around the hat, because they wanted to eat. Then the Wicked Men decided to pull off an eight round boxing contest and advertised the fact.

Intense excitement immediately prevailed. Strong men should reel and turned pale; mothers clasped their little ones tighter to their bosoms and looked about them with frightened eyes.

The Jump from Ice Cream and Cake to the Squared Circle was terrible!

Little Oh My, the Protector of Public Morals, who in private life ran a livery stable, was aghast at the outrage. But here was a chance to show his natural heroism, even if most people did call it by another name. Although the general public thought him on the eleven cent counter, he would rise and shine and make himself good with—well with somebody. So he modestly kept himself in the background that if anything unexpected happened he could blame some one else.

The town clock ticked determinedly on. The eventful night arrived. The crowd was on hand and the referee announced that "the gentlemen were able exponents of the 'manly art of man'," and would proceed to demonstrate the fact at once. Everyone was eager. This was a startling relief from "have another olive and please pass the salad." So after warning the boys not to hit each other the time keeper gave the word.

The boxers waved their hands and advanced to the center of the ring and embraced. Then The Kid showed Terry how to dance the two-step, and the crowd applauded. Terry tried the step, but didn't get it right and The Kid slapped him on the nose and made it bleed. The man behind the watch called time. Terry was vexed at The Kid's ungentlemanly action and wiped his nose on his glove, then when The Kid was not looking he dabbed him on the arm, and made a big red mark!

This was especially shocking to the delicate sensibilities of Little Oh My. For fear that the door keeper might not let him in without paying he begged a gentleman, who occupied a still higher position to come with him. And he came, but did not appear to heartily enjoy his company. The Protector also gathered together other minions of the law, and although ten or twenty men might be pounding each other on the streets in grim earnest, rushed them to the ringside and sprung his celebrated extravaganza entitled, "This is Where Little Oh My Makes Himself Solid," and stopped a scientific sparring contest.

The crowd was puzzled at the reason for this interruption, but after being informed that none of them were to be shot at sunrise and that they must disperse quietly so as not to wake up the horses, they passed out and although some turbulent spirits muttered "Oh Fudge," no serious trouble occurred.

Thus Little Oh My made himself popular with whom? SPECTATOR.

Groundhog Day.

In order to test the Groundhog Day theory an Adams county, Pa., man last fall captured one of the animals and put it in an enclosure with an open and underground den. It became tame and playful, but about two months ago retired to the underground den where it remained until Groundhog Day. Then it came out in the morning, fed well, frisked about in the sunshine for several hours and then went back into the den, having seen its shadow. To prove the superstition the animal must live in seclusion six weeks longer, during which time winter must also prevail. At last accounts the groundhog had not appeared and the investigator was watching the entrance to its underground retreat with expectant interest. Marconi is not the only man who is engaged in tremendous problems these days.—Oil City Blizzard.

WANTED—A sober, honest, intelligent farmer with neat, tidy wife and small family to work farm on shares in Farmers Valley, McKean county, Pa. Will give the right party a good opportunity to make a good living and save some money if he is economical and a good worker. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—Wanted one energetic solicitor to represent the Grand Union Tea Co. at Smethport and vicinity. Good opening to right party. Small bond required. Call or address Grand Union Tea Co., 6 West Washington St., New Castle, Pa. 7-6t.

Buy your hardware of Holmes & Gilfillan. Their prices are always the lowest.

Use the Redfield mantle.

THE BOWLING MATCH.

Smethport Wins from Bradford in the Third Contest of the Series.

The Smethport Athletic Club bowling team defeated the Commercial Travelers' club from Bradford at the athletic club alleys Saturday evening in a closely contested game. Barton, Bradford's crack bowler, came over with the knights of the grip and distinguished himself by making the high score and the high average of the evening. Smethport won the first and second games, lost the third and was 53 pins ahead on the total.

In the whole series Smethport leads the Bradford team by 247 pins and has won six out of the nine games. Smethport won three straight and was 155 pins ahead in the first contest. In the second Bradford won two out of three and was 89 pins ahead. In the third Smethport won two out of three and was 53 pins ahead.

Following is the score in the Saturday evening contest.

Bradford.	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
Barton	154	155	191	166⅔
Mundy	145	157	168	156⅔
Rickenbrode	137	155	130	140⅔
Tanner	125	110	162	132⅓
Pearson	106	134	133	124⅓
Singleton	145	167	127	146⅓
	812	878	911	
Smethport.	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
Purtle	147	182	168	165⅔
Johnson	168	144	138	150
Keefer	177	125	120	140⅔
Knapp	131	128	105	121⅓
Boil	165	176	133	158
Clark	151	157	140	149⅓
	960	912	862	

After the game both teams, accompanied by a few friends, repaired to the Hotel Imperial, where Landlord Baron had a nice spread ready for the hungry bowlers, and the party enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

A Social Event.

A charming social function was enjoyed by the members of Normandy C. L. S. C. and their friends at their annual banquet held at the Wright House Tuesday evening, Feb. 17th.

When all the guests were assembled questions involving literary characters were distributed, which tested our wits to the fullest extent and caused much merriment, after which a vocal solo was pleasingly rendered by Mrs. Tracy, followed by a piano solo by Miss Gallup. The president then announced "All in readiness for the banquet hall," and no time was lost in obeying orders. As we entered the door visions of King Arthur and his round table first greeted us, this with the emblems of the Saxon and Norman period of English history, together with the class colors—red and white also Russian emblems, produced a most brilliant effect.

An elaborate menu was now served to which all did ample justice, after which came the "feast of reason and flow of soul," which was introduced by our pleasing and efficient toastmistress, Mrs. Forsythe. The toasts were ably responded to as follows: "What of the Day?" (Feb. 17) Dr. Patterson; "The Chautauqua Outlook," Miss Day; "Our Sister Societies," Miss Rubin; "People We Meet," Mr. Mayo; "Dreams," Miss Young. Farewells and Chautauqua salutes were given, thus closing another successful banquet of the Normandy C. L. S. C.

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Chicago Lady Entertainers.

The Chicago Lady Entertainers appeared before a good sized audience at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium last evening. The ladies are certainly artists in their line, as their work both ensemble and solo parts amply demonstrated, while their reader and impersonator was one of the finest that has ever been heard in Kane. The program was varied and the ladies were very gracious in their response to the many encores which they received. It would be hard to particularize any special feature of their work, so perfect was each member of the company. The ladys made many friends who would be more than pleased to see them at some future time.—Kane Republican. At the court house Friday evening.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 14, 1903.

J. W. Cockrum, Fred Tolin.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Carriages for Sale.

One second hand canopy top surrey. One second hand canopy top 3 spring wagon. Four second hand piano body top buggies. These goods will be sold at a reasonable price to make room for new goods.

PALMER & DODGE,
201 Water St.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1903.

For Sale Cheap.

Gray mare, perfectly kind, good driver and good worker.

L. W. HOWDEN,
Coryville, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Mr. Jones' Valentine Story

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1903, by Charles W. Hooke

THE young author seated himself with that nonchalance which may be expected in one who is introduced by the editor in chief to the mere editor of a department. He scratched a match upon the side of my desk—it really is mine and not the business department's—and lighted one of those Egyptian cigarettes which smell like an early spring bonfire in Mrs. Murphy's back yard.

"What kind of stuff do you want?" he inquired.

"I'd take a good valentine story," said I.

At that my visitor assumed a smile suggesting the early stages of seasickness.

"Oh, I say," said he in a tone of languid protest, "that sort of thing's played out, don't you think? Who cares about valentines? There's no romance in them any more. In society, if people notice the day at all, they send flowers, not picture cards."

"Our circulation exceeds [illegible]," said I. "We have outgrown society. Give us something about young men and women."

The talented author blew a green Egyptian cloud into the air and slowly shook his head.

"I don't see anything in it," he declared. "The valentine is a dead issue."

Now, though I had never met young Mr. Breck before that day, I had read some of his stuff, and I knew that he could do good work. He was a western product, and such of his stories as I had seen were as full of spirit as an unbroken pony. Eastern civilization seemed to have taken the life out of him with astonishing rapidity, or it may have been the Egyptian cigarettes. I was conscious of a sort of rage against him, partly because his affected manner was such a disappointment to me, but chiefly perhaps because he had treated my commonplace, old fashioned notion with contempt.

"We're going to have a lot of valentine stuff in the issue of Feb. 13," said I, "and most of it is rattling good, but of course if it doesn't appeal to you"—

Breck waved the reeking cigarette before my eyes as if in some form of incantation, and, having reduced me to silence by this, he said:

"You run the supplement, I'm told—the literary and artistic end of the paper?"

"That's what I'm here for," I replied.

He shook his head very sadly and muttered:

"Valentine stories! Good Lord!"

"Why, what's the matter?" I inquired.

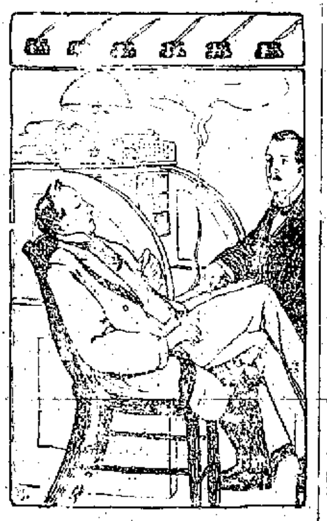
"Now, look here," said he. "I try to keep pretty close to life, to write the thing that is and not the dream. Do I make myself clear? Well, such being the case, let me ask you one question. In the last ten years have you known or heard of any human creature who has attached any serious importance to a valentine or had any really romantic adventure connected with one?"

"Yes, sir; I have," said I.

He shook his head slowly and sadly. I could have cuffed him for that insolence, and yet his question, his method of getting at the matter, appealed to me.

"I will spin you a little yarn," said I, "a true yarn and not a bad one."

"Delighted," said he, lying back in his chair and closing his eyes, while



HE LAY BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND CLOSED HIS EYES.

the smoke from his cigarette, now pointing straight upward—ascended to the ceiling and seemed to stick there.

"This happened to a fellow named Jones," said I. "He was a newspaper correspondent in the Philippines. He had been out there six months and hadn't had a letter from a girl."

"Particular girl?" queried Breck.

"Any girl," I replied. "There was a particular girl; not so very particular either, and yet he'd have been mighty glad if she had remembered him on the other side of the world. Most fellows, of course, would have found a romance of some kind suited to their individual tastes and fancies out there, but Jones didn't have the luck. I don't know that he was a particularly sentimental fellow; yet it seemed rather hard to him that there shouldn't be a girl somewhere who cared for him to the extent represented by the moderate price of postage. He said it was as if he had died unlamented and was just finding it out in the other world.

"He'd been brought up in a little, sociable city where everybody knew everybody else, and though he no longer had any close relatives there—very few, indeed, on earth—there were his old friends, including some very nice girls whom he had traveled a hundred miles out of his way to say goodby to just before leaving his native land. They'd all promised to write to him"—

"Including the girl?" said Breck.

"Yes," said I. "And the fact is that a considerable package of mail for him, sent through the publishers whom he represented, and tardily forwarded, had gone to the bottom of the Pacific ocean, but he didn't know that.

"In Manila he met a young fellow named George Templeton, from the same town as himself. Templeton had not been bred in the first circles, and his early reputation for industry and sobriety was not of the best. Jones had rather looked down upon him, and Templeton, no doubt, had found some reason for looking down upon Jones.

HE SAT THERE ALL NIGHT.

It's a privilege never denied a freeborn American. However, they became friends in Manila because it was so far from home.

"Templeton was a sergeant of volunteers and a homesick soldier if ever there was one. He excited Jones' sympathy, which became acute when Jones learned that there was a girl at home who had stopped writing to Templeton for an unknown reason. This is a serious matter when a fellow really cares for the girl and she is 10,000 miles away and there's no method of learning why she no longer writes. Fancy waiting for a letter to go half way around the world and for the reply to come loitering back or not to come at all! Templeton was not naturally sensitive, but the experience had made him so. He told his secret grudgingly because it was forced out of him, but he never revealed the name of the girl.

"In the latter part of January Templeton's company was sent up into the interior to a little forsaken village where there was a peck of trouble. A mail steamer came in the day before the detachment marched, but it brought no letter to Templeton. The poor fellow revealed this misfortune to Jones with tears in his eyes. He seemed to think that this was his last chance.

"A few days later Jones learned entirely by accident that a letter for Templeton had really come on the steamer and had been delivered by mistake to a surgeon of the same surname. The addressed side of the letter had been wet, and the ink was a mere blot, so that the word Templeton was about all that could be deciphered. The surgeon, however, detected the given name of 'George' and did not open the letter.

"Jones had had it in his mind to try to get through to this place where the trouble was. He thought he saw a good story in it. He told the surgeon of his intention and was permitted to take the letter. By pulling all kinds of wires he got leave to join a small party that was going up with dispatches, and the result was that he had adventures enough to fill a book. The party got through alive, but every man of them was wounded, including Jones, who made the last forty miles of the journey practically on one leg. But Templeton's letter, which he was morally convinced was the letter, reposed in his breast pocket when he staggered into camp.

"He found Templeton flat on his back and raving with fever in a quaint century old church that had been turned into a hospital. The surgeon in charge told Jones that it was practically all over; the man was as good as dead. 'Will he be conscious again?' asked Jones. And the surgeon said that it was possible.

"'When is it likely to happen?'

"'Heaven knows,' answered the surgeon.

"'I'll wait,' said Jones. And he sat down on the foot of the bed. His wound was dressed and he was fed while he sat there. Of course they tried to take him away, but he wouldn't go, and as everybody was pretty busy he was presently forgotten.

"He sat there all night, sometimes in that conscious sleep which is the product of physical weariness and mental concentration fighting for supremacy. He was half crazy from a dozen causes, and he held that letter in his hand every minute.

"It seemed to him that by continual feeling of it while in that peculiar mental state he gained an idea of what was in it, and at times he felt ashamed of knowing. The envelope was square, and there was a hard inclosure that seemed like a small photograph. But after awhile Jones became aware that the edges of this card were ornamentally irregular, and then he knew what it was. The thing was a valentine, and it had traveled many, many miles—and latterly by a route never intended by the sender—to reach this dying man in time. The date, in fact, was in advance of the saint's day. It was the night of Feb. 11.

"Templeton raved and tossed, and he said some things that might go to a feeling man's heart, considering the circumstances, but he mentioned no name. About 3 o'clock he became quiet, and from that hour till morning he seemed to be sinking down to death. Then he stirred and half raised himself.

"'Hello, Jones!' said he. 'Where did you come from?'

"'I've got a letter for you, George,' was the reply. 'It came after you left.'

"'Give it to me,' said Templeton, extending a weak, thin hand.

"He took the letter and raised it to his breast as he sank back against the pillow. Jones waited, but Templeton did not move. He lay there smiling, with the letter on his breast. The man was dead.

"'This is a valentine that some one has sent to him from home,' said Jones when the surgeon came. 'I think we ought to bury it with him.'

"'How do you know what it is?' asked the surgeon.

"Jones could not answer.

"'We ought to open it,' said the doctor, 'in order to communicate with the writer. Some one might want to know that he got it.'

"He took the envelope out of the dead man's hand and opened it after some hesitation.

"'Dear George,' he read in a whisper, 'mail this to Frank Jones if you know where he is, and never tell him who sent it. I don't know how to address him, but you can find out.'

"'That's mine,' said Jones, in a dream.

"The doctor put the inclosure into his hands. It was in a separate envelope, unaddressed.

"'This is a friendly letter from a mighty fine girl,' said the doctor. 'I'd like to take something of this kind with me when I go.'

"He put it back into its envelope and laid it inside the rough woolen shirt which was the dead man's garment.

"'He has delivered your message, little girl,' said he, 'and he'll never tell who sent it.'

"So that's the whole story. Jones has come back to this country, and he has that valentine—a pretty card with a little love verse on it, but not a scrap of writing. He doesn't know who sent it, but if he did I think he would find that girl. I feel quite sure that he would find that girl."

"Not bad, as such things go," said Breck, rising, "but conventional."

"Conventional be— I beg your pardon," said I. "Why, the thing is true."

"I don't see that that helps it any," replied Breck. "However, that's neither here nor there. I'm hard up, and if a valentine story's what you want I'll go home and see what I can do for you. By the way, it wasn't Templeton's girl, of course?"

"THAT'S MINE," SAID JONES.

"The one who sent the valentine? Certainly not," I replied. "When Jones got back to this country, he looked up Templeton's affairs a bit to see whether he could do anything for his family and that sort of thing, and he happened to discover that the girl for whose letter he had waited was really waiting for him—waiting, as I have faith to believe, very near that rude church in Luzon where the man closed his eyes so happily to open the eyes of his soul next moment in her presence."

"You mean she had died?" said Breck.

"Precisely," I replied.

"And Jones hasn't found the one girl who remembered him upon the far side of the world?"

"No," said I, "but he will."

Breck lighted another of his deadly cigarettes.

"Why can't I write this thing for you?" he inquired.

"Not for your life, my friend," said I.

He stared through the first great cloud of smoke.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because I'm Jones," said I, "and at present the matter is sacredly confidential. When I have found that girl, I shall write the story myself."

He Was Right.

Cromwell stood moodily watching the battle of Naseby.

"Why so downcast?" inquired his generals. "Aren't we making glorious history?"

"Not much!" cried Oliver. "We're only furnishing material for some fool novelist."

With an imprecation on posterity he rushed off to dictate his terms of surrender.—Judge.

Cholly's Good One.

"Oh, Miss Perkins, I have a conundwum for you. What is the diff'wence between a jilted fellah who pwetends he doesn't care and a dish of Dutch cabbage?"

Miss Perkins—Well; go on. What's the answer?

Cholly—One's souah gwapes and the other's sauaukwaut. Ha, haw! Isn't that doosid clevah?—New York Press.

Not Sure of Him.

"Why are you so sure that he loves you?"

"Because he stays away from me in hopes he can overcome the fascination of my presence. And there is but one thing that bothers me—I fear he will succeed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Neat Bull.

An Irishman, prosecuting another man for assault, was asked to explain the accused's black eyes.

"Ah," he replied readily, "before he had time to hit me I hit him back."

It runs in the family—a woman's tongue.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SECOND BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON

February 3, 1863

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

[Copyright 1903, by G. L. Kilmer.]

FEB. 14, 1863, saw the disastrous finish of one of the most daring naval adventures of the war. On that date the boy commander, Colonel Charles Rivers Ellet, lost his ship to the enemy through the treachery of a pilot.

Ellet was just out of his teens. On the death of his father, Colonel Charles Ellet, with whom the boy had fought at Memphis, he was promoted to the rank of colonel and given command of a small fleet, with the Queen of the West for his flagship. The vessel was a river steamboat turned into a ram. She was with the Federal gunboat fleet above Vicksburg.

At midwinter, 1863, the Confederates controlled the Mississippi between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, their batteries at those points keeping the Federal ships either above or below, excepting as they took the risk of running the fire of the forts and fighting for right of way in the channel with Confederate ships. If chased by powerful enemies, the Confederates would steam up Red river, where the channel was too shallow for heavy Federal ships and also guarded by Confederate batteries.

Ellet ran the Vicksburg batteries in broad daylight, ramming the Confederate steamer Vicksburg as he passed. The Queen of the West was struck by twelve shells and set on fire, but the flames were subdued, and after an exciting cruise, during which the raiding sailors burned large quantities of Confederate stores at the docks, the expedition was steaming up Red river on Feb. 14.

Ellet received warning that the Confederates had afloat in these waters a vessel named General Webb, which could sink his ship at one shot. He decided to risk the encounter and get in the first shot himself. Fortunately, as it proved, he met and captured a little unarmed transport steamer, the Era, and left her at anchor in charge of a guard. Proceeding up the river with the tender De Soto, a small ferryboat, in his wake, he ordered his pilot to steam slowly toward Gordon's Landing, where he was told there were three large Confederate ships with steam down. A bend in the river below the landing hid the ram from the enemy's view, and Ellet hoped to dash in and destroy the ships at a blow.

The pilot on duty was a substitute for the regular pilot, who was sick in his berth. As soon as the nose of the ship appeared around the bend the enemy opened with four thirty-two pounder guns from on shore. Owing to the protection of the bend there need have been no difficulty in backing the Queen of the West out of range, and at the third shot Ellet ordered the pilot to back up. Instead the ship was run ahead and grounded, where every shot struck the target.

When the ship struck, the engineer reported the steam pipe cut, and the vessel was instantly filled with steam. Without steam power she could not move. After firing thirty shots at the helpless ship the Confederates rowed out with skiffs to board her. Ellet ordered the ship's yawl lowered to save his wounded, but some of the sailors had already taken it and disappeared. The De Soto had dropped astern of the flagship, and her yawl was out of reach.

For the protection of the main deck of the Queen of the West her sides had been barricaded with cotton bales. These were cast overboard, and the sailors, leaping after them, used them for floats to drift with the current. Ellet reached the De Soto on a cotton bale and ordered her yawl to succor the wounded on the De Soto. Two officers volunteered to go with the yawl.

While the yawl's party was picking up the wounded the Confederates appeared on board the helpless ship. Ellet's men would have fired her to prevent her use by the enemy, but the wounded were still aboard. One of the officers who attempted to remove the wounded captain of the ship was taken prisoner, but the others escaped with the yawl to the De Soto.

Ellet and the officers of the De Soto picked up the sailors in the river and were about to start back for the Queen of the West, when a dense fog came on suddenly and the boat lost her rudders by running into a bank. The next hope lay in the little captive Era, which had been left fifteen miles below. The De Soto drifted down to the Era, and after putting all hands aboard of the ex-Confederate she was lightened of her cargo, the De Soto scuttled and the pilot ordered to make the Mississippi as soon as possible. As the De Soto had drifted away from the scene of disaster Ellet noticed the Confederate ships sending up black smoke, showing they were preparing to take a hand against the daring Federal raiders.

On the trip down Red river the acting pilot betrayed his Confederate sympathies in speech, but Ellet was compelled to leave him at the wheel of the Era, as no one else on board knew the channel. Upon reaching the Mississippi he ran the boat aground, although she drew but two feet of water. Luckily the Era fell in with the Federal ironclad Indianola, which had run the Vicksburg batteries and was patrolling near the mouth of Red river to guard Ellet against attack from the rear.

Soon after the meeting of the Era and Indianola the Confederate ship Webb hove in sight, making for Red river to entrap Ellet. At sight of the ironclad the Webb turned about and, being the fleeter vessel, got away. As Ellet wished to return and report the fate of his expedition to the fleet above Vicksburg, Captain Brown of the Indianola took the Era under convoy until she had passed the mouth of the Red river and then prepared his vessel to fight the Webb. Meanwhile the Webb had made a landing and telegraphed news of the Indianola to the captors of the Queen of the West. The disabled ship was quickly put in order and manned with a picked crew.

Meanwhile another dispatch had brought up from Port Hudson the Confederate cotton clad Beatty, carrying 250 riflemen from the army camps, so that the Indianola had three ships to contend with instead of one. The Confederates trailed their foe at from a distance and made their attack in the night, hoping to surprise and board her. Waiting for night, the Queen of the West, Webb and Beatty steamed to the attack with their lights out. The Indianola was discovered hugging the bank, her decks shrouded in darkness.

In order to protect his ship from the Vicksburg guns Brown had lashed loaded coal barges to her sides, and these were still in position, making the ironclad a clumsy ship in battle. The Queen of the West opened fire at 150 yards and at the same time dashed her massive ram against a coal barge, crushing it and striking the Indianola amidships. The Queen of the West stuck fast to the ironclad, and the two drifted down the river, meeting the Webb, which struck the Indianola head on in the bow. This collision disabled one of the engines of the Indianola, but it also shook her loose from the embrace of the Queen of the West.

The gunners of both sides made the most of their chance when the vessels were at close quarters. The Queen tried a second savage lunge, moving with the current, but Brown turned the Indianola, getting only a glancing blow, while his gunners landed two nine inch shot in the ram, which disabled two guns. Backing off, the Queen again struck the ironclad, disabling the starboard rudder. Almost immediately the Webb came down stream with the current and crashed into the bow of the Indianola, cutting through her hull so that the water poured in like a flood. This charge carried away the prow of the Webb, but she was otherwise unharmed. The Queen, however, was the worse for her many collisions with the ironclad and listed so far to port that she had to be lightened to bring her wheel into the water. After the last blow from the Webb the Indianola dropped down stream, pointing for shore. Signal was given by the Queen to the men on the Beatty to board, and as the new antagonist steamed alongside a voice cried out from the Indianola, "We surrender!"

COLONEL ELLET'S CREW ESCAPING ON COTTON BALES.

Brown gave up his sword to Colonel Brand of the Beatty, who gallantly acknowledged that the prize belonged to the Queen of the West and the Webb. The ironclad had lost but two men in battle, so well were her works protected. Confederate shots fired at twenty and thirty yards had failed to damage her sides. The terrific cannonading of this night battle was heard thirty miles up and down the river.

Finding that their prize was going down, the Confederates attempted to tow her to a landing and save the valuable stores on board, but she sank on the Mississippi side in front of Jefferson Davis' plantation. The Queen of the West was destroyed in her next battle, and Ellet never saw his ship again.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Should Earth Become Flat.

A scientist says that "if the earth was flattened the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." And an Oklahoma editor gives out the following: "If any man is caught flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot, and don't be too blamed particular what spot. There's a whole blamed lot of us in Oklahoma that can't swim."—Kansas City Journal.

Clever Scheme.

Customer—But that umbrella looks so very cheap and common that the price you ask is ridiculous.

Dealer—That's the beauty of that umbrella. It's made of the very best material, but made to look as if it wasn't worth stealing.—Philadelphia Press.

Beecher and Spurgeon.

Beecher had said that Spurgeon owed his popularity no more to his Calvinism than a camel owed its excellence to its hump. "I replied," said Spurgeon, "that the hump was a store of fat on which the camel lived on a long journey and that its value depended on its hump."

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R

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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc., Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.

March 1, 1900.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

SILVERWARE,
NICKEL WARE,
FRENCH & AUSTRIAN CHINA,
ENGLISH PORCELAIN,
BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE PIECES.
Useful as well as beautiful.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 19 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lent begins next Wednesday.

—Sunday is Washington's birthday.

—A man in Russia claims to be 200 years old.

—Hagberg & Sherburne have a new ad this week.

—The MINER and Tribune-Farmer one year for $1.25.

—St. Valentine's day was duly observed in this place.

—Attend the band dance at the new Lyceum Monday night.

—"A Grouchy Husband" is the title of a new ad for J. Colegrove.

—The Merrymakers will give a masquerade ball at Mt. Jewett this evening.

—There is some talk of a trolley line being built from White House to Port Allegany.

—Typhoid fever is still raging in Cornell University. Three deaths occurred there on Tuesday.

—A Coudersport man received payment last week for a coffin bought of him fifteen years ago.

—The Olean Ledger has a Portville Department with J. W. Fairchild as local editor of this department.

—Mrs. Wm. McKeown, who has been a patient in the Kane hospital returned to her home in Mt. Alton last Thursday.

—Wellsboro will probably have a glass factory in the near future. The business men have raised $20,000 to locate a factory there.

—The Chicago Lady Entertainers will be at the court house Friday evening, under the auspices of the High School entertainment course.

—John Hafner takes this method of thanking those who showed so much kindness during the recent illness of his son, John Martin Hafner.

—The employes of the Pennsylvania Grit will receive about 10 per cent., of the profits of that valuable paper this year besides their usual wages.

—L. E. Morningstar is the editor of the Sistersville Morning Star, a paper recently started in the West Virginia town. Quite a coincidence.—Bradford Era.

—Several election districts in Potter county were unable to get the names of candidates for office on the tickets this year because their caucuses we held too late to file the nominations.

—An exchange says that E. V. Dunlevie, the bright young lumber dealer, formerly of Olean but now of Buffalo, has cleared $50,000 in his lumber speculations during the past year.

—Goodyear Brothers are making plans to erect a magnificent summer hotel in Potter county on the line of the B. & S. R. R. for the accommodation of tourists who visit this section. Wharton and Eleven Mile are spoken of as possible locations.

A girl (No. 1) on the street here a few days ago received a good slap in the face and all because girl No. 1 was walking with a fellow who had been paying his attentions to girl No. 2. Strange how foolish some girls can be. —Cross Fork News.

—The Home Gas Co. of Eldred has entered suit against the Coryville gas companies who were to furnish the Home company with 1,500,000 feet of gas per day. The Home company claims that the average was below 100,000 instead of 1,500,000 feet.

—The concert given by the Chicago Lady Entertainers was one of the best ever heard at the Institute and it was listened to by an appreciative audience. Mrs. Mercer's singing was especially meritorious.—Wellsboro Gazette. At the court house Friday evening.

—A young "lord" asked a plain American: "Have you any gentlemen in this country?" The American asked: "Who do you call gentlemen?" "Oh, they are men who have nothing to do, and travel around at will." The American said: "Yes, we have plenty of them but we call them tramps."—Ex.

—Shingle House has a woman who can shoot a rifle with the best of them. At the shooting gallery last week Mrs. Isaac Myers and Robert Wilcox won the prizes. Scores 24 and 23. Mrs. Myers tied D. S. Knowlton for first prize, and in shooting off the tie Mrs. Myers won by a score of 20 to 19.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

—A Wilkesbarre lady whose leg was broken in a peculiar accident has been awarded $1,250 damages. She saw a team of horses run away, and was so frightened that she fell off a porch. She sued the owner of the horses, and the jury, considering him responsible for the accident, gave the young woman a verdict.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

And now even the stock seems to be affected with the Cranberry fever as we saw a holstein cow belonging to C. C. Decker wending her way in that direction, and some Berkshire pigs go to-day and we expect next to see Beckwith's valuable poultry taking their flight for that lofty clime.

Mrs. Sada Cook was called to Port Allegany on Saturday by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Bela Gallup. She returned Monday with the information that her sister was slightly better.

Mrs. M. L. Youmans and infant son were down from Ormsby to visit at her father's, C. C. Stull's, returning Monday.

We are pleased to note that Lizzie Dygel, who has been suffering with rheumatism, is able to be out again.

Dinner was served in the grange hall on election day and the proceeds were applied on Rev. Sprague's salary.

Messrs. Parsons and M. L. Youmans were calling on Valley friends Sunday.

Just a few [illegible] to make [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Sepulchral Vault.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault at St. Michan's provides a more gruesome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage from which cell like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mystical property of the place the progress of decay has [illegible] ago. [illegible] of years [illegible] in the silent vault. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing of repulsive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

How Men Fall When Shot.

Nearly every [illegible] Another popular yet erroneous notion is that men shot through the [illegible] leap into the air and go down in a dramatic attitude. Sometimes men are found on the field in striking positions, but often an examination shows that the position was taken after the fall.

As a rule a man who is hit above the hips sinks down. The slighter the wound the more commotion, for the body instinctively resists, just as it does when one slips or is pushed or collides with some object. But a wound in a vital spot weakens the resistance and men sink at once or reel and tumble with very little self control.

Crossing the Bar.

Tennyson's famous poem, "Crossing the Bar," was written, says the present Lord Tennyson, in the poet's eighty-first year, "on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had had the 'moaning of the bar' in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out." "That is the crown of your life's work," said his son, who was the first man after the poet to read "Crossing the Bar," and who passed the first criticism upon it in such fitting and generous language. "It came in a moment," said the poet, and he explained the pilot as the Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us. A day or two before he died the poet, calling his son to his bedside, said, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."

How Air Acts on Mercury.

When the air around us becomes condensed—shrinks into a smaller volume—it becomes heavier, puts greater pressure on the surface of the mercury and makes it ascend in the tube; then the mercury is said to rise. When the air expands—swells into a larger volume—it becomes lighter, the pressure on the mercury is less, the mercury sinks in the tube and the barometer is said to fall. Therefore every change of height of the quicksilver which we observe is a sign and measure of a change in the volume of air around us.

A Rare Book.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses an heirloom Claude Lorraine's "Book of Truth," which is said to be one of the rarest and most valuable books in Europe. It is, at any rate, worth six times as much as the famous "Mazarin" Bible, the most costly book in the British museum. The late duke refused $100,000 for it.

Witty Advice.

A witty Dublin barrister was consulted by a physician as to calling out a man who had insulted him. "Take my advice," said the lawyer, "and instead of calling him out get him to call you in, and get your revenge that way. It will be more secure and certain."

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Wonderful Insect Vitality.

It is a [illegible] to the entomologist [illegible] insects of the [illegible] that [illegible] and yet [illegible] larva of the pinkworm [illegible] has been exposed to an artificial blast 65 degrees below zero. Taken out of range of this artificial blizzard and gradually "thawed out" this same worm was able to creep in less than half an hour afterward. Butterflies have been found flitting joyously about in the highest latitude man has ever penetrated, and the mosquitoes of Alaska and Greenland are known to be the healthiest specimens of that race of little pests.

Engagement Rings.

The custom of giving engagement rings ranks back to long before the Christian era. With the ancient Egyptians engagement rings were always of iron, to indicate the mutual sacrifice of liberty of the contracting parties.

One of the very earliest adornments of betrothal rings was a loadstone, which symbolized the attractive force which drew [illegible] from her own family [illegible] to that of her husband. It is [illegible] fourth finger [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Word to Nursing Mothers

It is a well known clinical fact that babies who depend wholly on mother's milk never have cholera, and are exempt from two-thirds the ailments which afflict infants.

Some inking to this has checked the resort to artificial foods and begun to make it "good form" for every mother to nurse her own baby when she can.

Some try it, and grow weak and sick under the strain. With others the milk flow is insufficient, and the poor baby is at last given over to the tender mercies of the milkman with his corn fodder, and side slops, and worse.

If any mother within ten miles of our store reads this, we want to give them a hint. Try Vinol. There are many mothers who have found that it enabled them to take more nourishment, restored their strength, and made baby healthy, hearty, and happy.

Vinol not only supports the mother's strength but transmits to the babe the foundation for a healthy childhood.

Vinol contains no dangerous drugs. We are willing to tell you just what is in it and give you the money back if it don't help you. Don't doubt, *try it.*

J. W. VOORHEES,
DRUGGIST.

WHOEVER

gets here first gets first pick. There are a small lot of $10, $11.50 and $12

SUITS and OVERCOATS

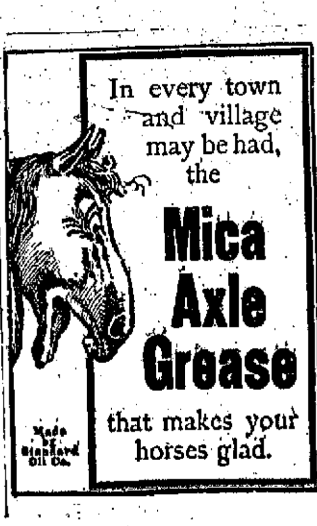
which will go at

$7.50.

'Tis your last chance to secure a genuine bargain.

Wm. Monheimer.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.


In every town and village may be had, the
Mica Axle Grease
that makes your horses glad.
Made by Standard Oil Co.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 15 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very reasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROOK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Valentines

Valentines.

Valentines.

A very large assortment of beautiful ones to select from. Have also put in a fine line of the latest styles in tally cards, the correct thing for card parties.

New Goods

of all Kinds are coming in every day.

Come in and look the goods over.

MARY L. BISETT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - $30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage; Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
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GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.
Office over D. O. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-5 p. m., 7-8 p. m

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms: [illegible] per year, or [illegible] if paid strictly in advance [illegible] year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column per annum, payable monthly [illegible] own position and no deviation from this rate. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Propr.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 19, 1903.

JUDGE PORTER has decided that the Juvenile Court law is unconstitutional.

MANY of our monied kings seem to be worried about the anti-trust legislation.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S daily paper has suspended publication for lack of patronage. Will his Democracy follow suit?

It is hoped that Congress will not undertake such a foolish job as investigating the expenditures in improving the White House. The results are eminently satisfactory and no more than the appropriation was spent.

ANOTHER ambitious tumbler has been killed in trying to do a triple somersault. This feat can be accomplished successfully only by accident. A good many circus performers have broken their necks in trying to add it to their repertoires.

THE fifth anniversary of the sinking of the Maine in the Havana harbor was fittingly celebrated Sunday by Americans and Cubans in Cuba. The destruction of that ship, with most of her crew, was a turning point in the history of the United States and Cuba.

JOHN W. SIMONTON, President Judge of the Dauphin county courts, died on Thursday last of pneumonia, after an illness of one month. Judge Simonton was serving his third term as president judge of the Dauphin county courts and was regarded as one of the ablest jurists in the State. He was a native of Dauphin county and previous to becoming judge he was district attorney for two terms. He was remarkably vigorous in mind and body until he was seized with illness which caused his death. His only child is a wife of Gilbert Beaver, a son of Superior Court Judge Beaver.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1903.

President Roosevelt, by the firm stand he has taken in support of adequate anti-trust legislation, has secured the completion by Congress of the anti-trust program outlined in these letters last week. In order to accomplish this end, Mr. Roosevelt has talked very plainly to the leaders of his party. He has stated the unvarnished facts and in some instances has seriously offended, by what they term his "brutal frankness," the men who will have the greatest weight in the Republican national convention. The President states his position very simply. He says, "I have done my duty by the whole people as I have seen it and I am quite prepared to stand or fall by their verdict." In this connection no one denies that the Attorney General will find his position materially strengthened in the further prosecution of the unlawful acts of the great corporations known as trusts.

In view of the President's position on the subject of trusts it has become a well recognized fact, in the inner circles of the party, that all that element which believes there should be no legislative interference with the business interests of the country will work assiduously against Mr. Roosevelt's nomination in 1904. As to the trusts themselves it is a common expression that they have "no soul" and it is equally true that they have no politics. With Mr. Roosevelt as the Republican candidate and a man whom they would describe as "safe" at the head of the Democratic ticket, their influence and their extensive campaign contribution would go into the Democratic fund. The Democrats realize this fact and such men as Arthur P. Gorman, Richard Olney and others, whose standing with the capitalists of the country is unimpeachable, are being earnestly, openly, discussed as probable Democratic candidates. Always trimmers, the Democrats will have no hesitation in trimming their sails to catch the trust wind in the next election. The friends of the President are discussing the situation very seriously and all believe that the people will have to choose, either at the Republican national convention or at the polls, between an honest and fearless advocate of the rights of the people and a servant of the corporate wealth of the country.

It is regarded as practically certain that Mr. George B. Cortelyou, now Secretary to the President, will be chosen by Mr. Roosevelt as head of the new Department of Commerce and Labor. Some of the President's sincerest friends regard the appointment as unwise from a political standpoint. They say that with the powerful influences which are known to be against him in his own party, Mr. Roosevelt ought to "play politics" and appoint to this important position a man who would carry considerable political influence in one of the doubtful states. To their argument Mr. Roosevelt replies that his brand of politics is that policy which he believes will make for the greatest good of the people. No one questions Mr. Cortelyou's ability and the President knows that he will administer this important office in the interests of the people. He is in perfect accord with the President on the subject of trusts, with which the new Department will have much to do. Even under the provisions of the Nelson Amendment providing for publicity of corporate statistics the officer in charge will have the widest latitude and with an administrative officer whose sympathies were with the corporations the law might be made wholly useless. No one denies the correctness of this argument, although some fear that when it comes to the point of votes in the convention Mr. Roosevelt's fearlessly honest policy will not win.

The ratification of the Alaskan treaty without material opposition bears out the predictions made in these letters, and made in the face of Associated Press predictions to the contrary. Under the provisions of the treaty, the President will appoint three commissioners who will meet with an equal number appointed by Great Britain and, if possible, settle for all time the dispute in regard to the Alaskan boundary. On every mooted question a vote of four to two will determine the proposition. In the event that such a majority cannot be obtained and the commission divides evenly no result will be attained and the present status of the question will not have been affected. Rumor has it that the President will appoint on the commission Secretary Root, Senator Lodge and Senator Turner of Washington, but no official announcement has been made.

The dispute in regard to the actual boundary between Alaska and the British possessions arises from a redundancy of definition in the treaty negotiated by Great Britian and Russia in 1825. Not content with defining the treaty at three marine leagues from tide-water the framers of the convention added certain physical features of the location of the boundary which subsequent investigations have proven non-existent. While, in the mind of the best authorities in this country, there is no question that the intention of the negotiators was to place the boundary at three marine leagues from tide-water, the interposition of these details has complicated the issue and at least made an argument on which Great Britain hangs her claim.

Senator Morgan's opposition to the Colombian treaty, under the provisions of which convention the Panama Canal is to be built, has thus far delayed its ratification although the Senate has expended an entire day listening to Mr. Morgan's negative argument. The venerable Senator from Alabama is determined to defeat the treaty and announces that he is prepared to talk on the subject for twenty-four or twenty-eight hours if necessary. This opposition is also holding up the Cuban treaty as Mr. Morgan has made it known that he will debate that convention, if necessary to prevent the ratification of the former. Under the circumstances a special session of the Senate is predicted by Senator Lodge and others, but Senators Aldrich, Hale and Allison are certain all can be accomplished before the 4th of March.

There is no immediate prospect of a settlement of the Statehood blockade and it is perfectly evident that both parties to the contest are "bluffing" so that it is difficult to accurately gauge the situation. A crisis is approaching, however. The committee on Post-offices and Post Roads has attached the Omnibus bill, in the form of a rider, to the Post-office appropriation bill and present prospects are that the final test vote will come on that measure. The Chair will rule the amendment out of order and an appeal will be taken. The opponents of Statehood assert that Senator Quay will lose on his attempt to overrule the Chair.

The Juvenile Court Law Invalid.

The Juvenile Court act suffers the fate of a good measure badly drawn and is declared unconstitutional. The apparent intention of the framer of the act was to create a new court. The afterthought was to impose the duties of what was to be a new court on the existing constitutional and common law Criminal Court. The result is a graft that lacks homogeneity and a composite court that does not square with the Constitution.

Though an appeal lies from this decision of the Superior Court to the Supreme Court of the State, the friends of the Juvenile Court will do well to go to the Legislature at once for a new act rather than await the result of an appeal. It is more than probable that the decision of the Superior Court would be upheld by the higher court and by that time the Legislature will have adjourned and the Juvenile Court in Pennsylvania will have to suspend its good work for two years.

It is wisdom, therefore, to seek at once a new law that will carry out the intention of the supporters of the Juvenile Court idea and be of undoubted constitutionality. The Legislature has the right to impose new duties on the Court of Quarter Sessions or to create an entirely new Court of Juveniles. It can do one or the other, but it must not try to do both in the same act. The Constitution of Pennsylvania is a peculiar instrument, whose requirements as to legislation are not easily satisfied, and it is particularly unfriendly to the bodily incorporation of the law of another State into the statutes of Pennsylvania.—Philadelphia Press.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Nickel Plate road will sell special round-trip homeseekers' excursion tickets first and third Tuesdays each month until April, 1903, at exceedingly low rates. Through service from New York City and intermediate points via D. L. & W. and W. S. roads. Three fast through trains each way daily. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Growing Old

Ought not to mean growing weak and feeble. It does not mean weakness or feebleness for those who eat with good appetite and sound digestion. It is of the utmost importance that old people should retain the power to digest and assimilate food which is the sole source of physical strength. When age brings feebleness it is generally because of the failure to assimilate the nutrition contained in food.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food. It invigorates the liver and promotes general physical well being.

"It is with gratitude we acknowledge what Dr. Pierce's medicine has done for grandmother's good, in fact it has cured her," writes Miss Carrie Banker, of Perrysburg, Ohio. "She had doctored with several physicians but found no relief until Dr. Pierce advised her what to do. She has taken only three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and is entirely well. She suffered with pain in kidneys, bladder and liver for ten years, and her limbs were swelled with dropsy so bad she could hardly walk. My grandmother's name is Mrs. Caroline Hennen, her age is 71 years. I will gladly answer all letters of inquiry."

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels.

A

Grouchy

Husband

will recover his sweet disposition if these are on the breakfast table: Our Uncle Jerry's Buckwheat, 3 pkgs for 25c Pure Maple Syrup One dollar per gallon and Banner Oats or Mother's Crushed Oats.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco, Nuts & Candies Fruits and Vegetables in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

is an occasion of congratulation, but such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best"

and

Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP,

The Leading Grocers.

Watch

for

New

Ad

Next

Week.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.

These lamps are constructed upon stricly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumrd. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES: RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Great Reductions.

GOOD-BYE OVERCOATS.

While there's lot's of winter ahead selling time on Winter Overcoats is growing short, and we have made GREAT REDUCTIONS on our Overcoats that will move them out of our store in a jiffy.

Men's, Boy' and Children's Overcoats

all are in for a move.

You can't make a better investment than to buy a Coat for next winter. All our overcoats are new, right cut and tailored elegantly. We simply want their room and the money invested in them. Now is the time to root out the old pocketbook, when it can do so much for so little. Call and examine them.

H. W. RUBIN & Co.,

THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.

MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS

REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where if you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go radidly at prices I have put upon them.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 29, 1902.

New Patterns

FOR

Early Spring.

We have received an elegant assortment of the most stylish patterns for Spring suits. You will have to call in and see them to appreciate them.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

January Reduction Sale

is now on and we are offering some fine bargains Notwithstanding the immense trade we enjoyed, we have on hand a choice lot of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats which we are selling at a very liberal reduction. We advise an early inspection of these goods before the sizes are all broken.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

Queen Quality Shoes. **F. G. Lindholm & Co** Standard Patterns

ANNUAL SALE OF MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Friday morning, February 13th, we will put on exhibition the largest line of Muslin Underwear ever shown in Smethport. Every garment specially low priced, the direct result of our big spot cash purchasing.

Nainsook, Cambric and Muslin night gowns—Embroidery, Lace hemstitched and ribbon trimmed, 13 to 18 inch sizes, worth $1.50.
Sale price 98c.

Cambric and Muslin Drawers, Umbrella ruffles, Lace and Embroidery trimmed Regular 85c quality.
Sale price 50c.

Women's long cambric skirts, Deep umbrella ruffle, two and three rows of lace insertion finished with small ruffle edged with lace, worth $1.50.
Sale price 98c.

Corset Covers ranging in price from 25c to $1.50.

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the February Patterns just received, we have Bayadare Jackets and Skirts, Monte Carlo shirt waists, Tea gowns and Box plaited skirts, Simple and Complex.

Newest Dress Goods in White Mercerized Oxford, 27 inch; 25c to 50c a yard.

Mercerized Madras, 27 inch, 25c to 50c a yard.

Mercerized Vesting, 27 inch, 25c to 50c a yard.

Fancy Piques, 27 inch, from 15c to 50c a yard.

First Showing of Spring Styles in Women's Tailored Suits.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than 15c gas in order makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle you worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 19, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Criminal court convenes Monday.

—Visit the new Lyceum Monday night and try the spacious dancing floor.

—An branch of the American Federation of Labor will soon be organized in this borough.

—Mrs. F. A. Mason and five intimate friends passed a pleasant evening at six-hand euchre on Monday.

—James P. Hurley died at his home in the new Bay State Hotel in Bradford Friday morning, aged 28 years.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford had to refuse a $75 position on Monday, as he had none to send.

—David Phillips, a well-known young man of Bradford, died at Phoenix, Arizona, on Friday last of tuberculosis.

—A drunk who offered strenuous objections to going to the lockup Saturday evening created considerable excitement on our streets.

—A meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be held at the residence of Mrs. Henry Hamlin at 2:30 p. m. next Saturday.

—Emma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver, died Sunday evening of quick consumption.—Straight correspondence to Kane Leader.

—St. Luke's Auxiliary will hold a cooked food sale at the parish house from three to five o'clock Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28. All are invited.

—Judge Bouton held argument court here Friday afternoon. The judicial ermine is worn with dignity by McKean's new judge.—Potter Journal.

—A sled load of young people from Smethport attended the Salvation Army meeting in the Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Harry O. Sutton, the popular composer and musician of Olean, has accepted a position with the orchestra of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. of New York.

—Eugene Preston of Bradford was sentenced to 60 days in the Chautauqua county jail for borrowing a fowl from the front of a Jamestown market last Saturday.

—A large crowd was in attendance at the dance given by the High School orchestra at the hose house last Thursday night and as a result the boys realized a good sum.

—All organizations of the Methodist church, the Sunday school, the Junior League, the Epworth League, the Ladies' Aid, etc., will be interested in what the pastor has to say preparatory to the observance of Lent by all departments of the church. The junior choir will sing. A tribute to Washington is involved in the evening subject. "Spirituality and Civilization."

—We are in receipt of a useful pocket diary for 1903 from C. A. Snow & Co., patent attorneys, Washington, D. C. They will send you one for a 2 cent stamp.

—The Amateur Whist club met for the last time this season at the home of Miss Choate on Tuesday evening. The prizes were awarded to Mr. Porter and Miss Ora King.

—A quantity and variety of cooked food will be on sale in Mr. Lemmler's store on Saturday, February 21, after two o'clock. Come early. By the members of the W. C. T. U.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 25th, at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 4:15 and 7:30 p. m.

—Hon. A. G. Olmsted was defeated by George Clark for burgess of Coudersport on Tuesday last. His defeat is attributed to the unusual personal popularity of his Democratic opponent.

—By a special arrangement we can furnish the New York Tribune-Farmer and MINER one year for $1.25, or the Tri-Weekly Tribune and MINER one year for $1.75, cash in advance. This offer will expire May 12, 1903.

—The High School Entertainment Course closes Friday evening with an entertainment by the Chicago Lady Entertainers. This is one of the best companies of the kind now on the road, having been organized to replace the famous Smith sisters, and has been generally recognized as easily their superior in every respect.

—The local chapter of the Eastern Star Lodge will, this evening at I. O. O. F. hall, entertain guests from Duke Centre and Eldred, the only places in McKean county, besides Smethport, supporting this auxiliary to Masonry. There will be initiation during which the new regalia of the officers will be in evidence for the first time.

—William Glover of Eldred was arrested on Saturday at the instance of Miss Lillian Prentiss of Bradford, who charges him with a serious offense. At a hearing in Bradford he was held in $500 bail, in default of which he was brought here to jail. Miss Prentiss is 15 years old and worked for Glover's family when the alleged crime was committed.

—A "good thing" has come out on two Port Allegany young men who were guests at the McConnell House one night last week. They left a call for 7:30 and at that hour both were awakened by the sound of an electric bell in the room. One of them said to the other, "What's that bell ringing for, there must be a fire somewhere." "No that is a ring for the porter." And they slept on. Finally they were awakened by someone knocking at their door, and in answer to the question, "What's the matter with you fellows, didn't you hear that bell?" replied, "Yes, but we didn't know that was a call. Is this a three-dollar-a-day house?"—Coudersport Enterprise.

—The second cutters' teams of the Camp and Smethport factories rolled a bowling match on the Athletic Club alleys last night. The Camp team, captained by "Bill" Andrews won two out of three games in the match from Capt. Geo. Michaels' team.

—The weather for the past three or four days has been the most severe of the winter. The wind has been heavy and all traffic has been delayed by the drifting of the snow. Last night the official thermometer registered ten degrees below zero, four degrees colder than any previous night this winter.

—On Sunday last John M. Lyman, one of Roulette's aged and honored citizens, passed away a victim of pneumonia. Mr. Lyman was one of a large family who were among the pioneers of Potter county. His life has been spent in Roulette and was well and favorably known throughout the county. He leaves to mourn his loss a bereaved wife and nine children, all of whom were near at the end. The funeral was held on Tuesday, Rev. Walker of the M. E. church officiating.—Port Allegany Argus.

—A. T. Smith, head book-keeper for the American Window Glass company at this place, has tendered his resignation to take effect April 1. Mr. Smith has accepted a position with the Jeannette Dispatch, and will engage in the newspaper business.—Hazelhurst correspondence to the Mt. Jewett Herald. Mr. Smith and family have been residents of this place for about two years and have made many friends who will regret to have them leave, but we welcome him back into the newspaper business.

—A knight of the road, feeling the chilly zero zephyrs of this morning too strenuous for his frayed personal habiliments to withstand with any degree of comfort, decided to procure for himself an overcoat. His method of procedure was simple. He removed the desired garment from a dummy in front of the clothing store of H. W. Bubin & Co. and enveloping his shivering form in its warming folds blissfully stalked away. Shortly after a minion of the law conducted him to the jail where he is now sheltered from the wintry blasts. At a hearing he gave the name of William DeWitt.

—S. S. Glasscock, a farmer, saved a train and 300 passengers from going over a steep embankment on the Big Four, near Cairo, Ill., Tuesday. While walking along the track he discovered a broken rail on a curve and 40 foot embankment. He knew a fast train was nearly due and hastened to meet and flag it. After walking half a mile he removed his red lined coat and held it on a pole, but the train was nearly an hour late and when the train was flagged and Mr Glasscock was picked up he was nearly insensible with the cold. The passengers, when they learned of his heroic deed, made up a handsome purse for him.

Diamond from the Sky.

A diamond imbedded in the center of a forty-pound metearite, the first specimen of the sort ever discovered, was yesterday placed on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History in this city. This is the first time the specimen has been publicly exhibited, as it is a part of the private collection of George Frederick Kunz, recently loaned to the museum.

Though small, the diamond is perfect and of the purest and hardest carbon. With several other minute particles of diamond dust it rests in a small, jagged area of less pure carbon, about the size of a large marble. This area is surrounded by meteorite iron, from four to five inches thick.

The meteorite is one of a number of specimens of siderite discovered by Professor G. A. Koenig of Canyon Diablo, at the foot of Crater mountain, Arizona. The idea of a prospector that he had discovered a surface vein of pure iron led to the discovery. Several specimens were sent to Dr. A. E. Foote in Philadelphia, where they were cut in pieces or "slices" for museum distribution.

The presence of the diamond was revealed when, after two days and a half, nearly all of the chisels in Dr. Foote's possession had been broken and an emery wheel ruined by contact with the hard surface. Polished corundum, the hardest substance next to diamonds, was tried in polishing, but the meteor diamond cut through it. Tests proved the substance to be a genuine diamond, and triolite and daubreelite substances, which proved an origin not terrestrial were both found in the iron which incased the gem.

Whether diamonds exist in the mineralogy of other planets or whether the diamond was formed in the flight to earth is a question. In connection with the latter idea the theory is advanced that the enormous pressure applied to the interior of a mass of iron by the heating of the exterior by friction would crystallize the carbon in the center and form a diamond.

As meteorites are generally acknowledged by scientists to be identical with shooting stars, the remark made at the museum that the specimen was a "shooting star with a diamond heart" possessed poetry and accuracy.—New York Tribune.

We handle the celebrated Robeson cutlery. Every knife warranted.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

The MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75, cash in advance.

PERSONAL MENTION.

S. D. Weaver was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Etta Hinman has returned from a two weeks' visit in Roulette.

Sheridan Gorton transacted business in Coudersport this week.

Miss Mabel Llewellyn of Eldred was a visitor in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell are visiting in Parkersburg, W. Va.

Chas. Mosler departed Monday for a visit in Rochester and Buffalo.

S. P. Button had business in Batavia and Buffalo the first of the week.

Miss Mayme Hinman spent a few days this week with friends in Roulette and Olean.

John Forrest departed for Parkersburg, W. Va., Monday on a business mission.

The Rev. J. H. McCandless is visiting relatives in Pittsburg, but will return this week.

Mrs. Frank Spanegle of Nansen, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner of Mechanic street.

—Frank S. Backus returned home last night. "Cap" has been sojourning in the West for the past four years.

Mrs. R. C. Puckett and Miss Lois Nesmith of Warren are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Hon. J. W. Bouton visited Coudersport on judicial business last Saturday. His presence was necessitated by the absence of Judge Ormerod from that county.

Messrs. Jacob Hafner, J. C. Hafner, Jacob Amend, Martin Amend, John Martin and E. D. Martin, Mrs. Thomas Maloney and Miss Marion Hafner all of Clermont attended the funeral of Martin Hafner on Saturday last.

George H. Graff of Conneaut, Ohio, was renewing friends in Smethport and vicinity the fore part of the week, called here by the death of his brother-in-law John Martin Hafner. Mr. Graff is a pleasant gentleman to meet and a very entertaining man to converse with.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His divine wisdom, to enter our Council and social circles and remove by death our brother, Martin Hafner, be it

Resolved, That we, members of Crescent Council, No. 67, of the Eclectic Assembly, extend to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That as a member of our Council, Brother Hafner was as man steadfast and true to all matters pertaining to the welfare and prosperity of our Order.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy be filed with our secretary.

EDITH M. MOSHER,
ELMER ROEDER,
RODNEY ROEDER,
Committee.

Development of the Pacific Coast.

The wonderful development of the Pacific coast is the marvel of all the many business opportunities combined with the salubrious climate is drawing thousands. The Nickel Plate road will place on sale daily Feb. 15th to Apr. 30th special one-way tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to common Pacific coast points at $42. Through service from New York City and intermediate points via D. L. & W. and W. S. roads. Tickets can also be used, with berth tickets, in the famous trans-continental tourist sleepers which leave Boston every Monday and Wednesday noon, and can be joined at Rotterdam Junction, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo enroute. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y. A postal card will do, write now.

Low Rates to Pacific Coast.

Climate unsurpassed, business opportunities never better. The Nickel Plate road will sell daily Feb. 15th to Apr. 30th special one-way tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to Pacific coast points at $42. Good connections at Buffalo with all lines from the east. Splendid trans-continental tourist car service every Monday and Wednesday. Exceedingly low rates to other points in far west. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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One nice spindle seat, rubber tire run-about. One spindle body Mulholland spring top buggy. One Corning body road wagon. Three piano body, end spring top buggies.

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Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1903.

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20 YEARS OF LIFE

is the average time allotted for a well cared for Plow. If a plow is to be your working companion for so many years, why not keep good company, the best is none too good for you. It is also very necessary to know that you can be supplied promptly with extras of all kinds to fit your plow.

Hundreds of the best farmers insist the "LeRoy Plow" is the best made. "Easy Draft" and "Easy to Hold." They are made by a strong Company Not in a Trust. You can see them at **Palmer & Dodge's**, Smethport, Pa.

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Smethport, Pa.

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Widths 1 inch to 6 inches.
Values up to 20c yard regularly.

2,000 yards Torchon Laces, per yard, 5c
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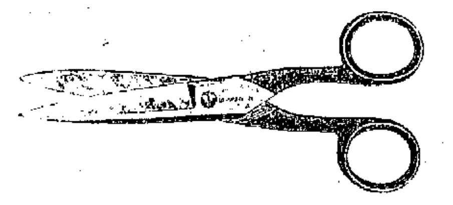
This is a rare chance to supply your lace needs for spring sewing.

A fortunate purchase in large quantity, coupled with our determination to let them go on a very narrow margin as a special bargain makes this saving possible for you.

FRY & HERZOG.

WISS SHEARS.



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John Bird
T. J. Melvin
E. N. Unruh
O. F. Schonblom
O. F. Spencer
S. A. Mundy
Charles Brown
George Mills
Ike Ralph
George Fagnan
D. McLaughlin

In Smethport
County Home
F. D. Gallup
J. W. Bouton
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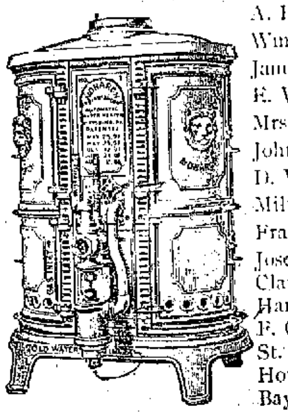

Dr. E. R. Baker
Robert King
George W. Mitchell
Orlo J. Hamlin

In Bradford
W. R. Weaver
C. V. Merrick
Dore C. Greenewald
Miss Zella Haffey
A. E. Harper
Wm. Hadley
James George
E. W. Bissett
Mrs. T. E. McCray
John Haggerty
D. W. Robertson
Milt Melvin
Frank Hamilton
Joseph Kilgore
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GUNS IN A GORY DUEL IN THE DARK

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

January 30, 1863

[Copyright, 1903, by G. L. Kilmer.]

AS the first anniversary of Grant's capture of Fort Donelson drew near General Joe Wheeler and the ubiquitous Forrest set out at the head of their cavalry bands to retake that valuable stronghold. The Confederates had never recovered from the chagrin caused throughout the south by the loss of the key to Tennessee.

As the campaign stood in the west at the close of January, 1863, the recovery of Donelson might reverse the whole military situation. Grant was tied up with [illegible] on the Mississippi, and Rosecrans [illegible] remained [illegible] and his [illegible] Nashville [illegible] to become an army base the post was strengthened in order to protect the steamers for supplies [illegible] Nashville. The garrison consisted of the Eighty-third Illinois infantry, Flood's Illinois battery and Captain Van Minden's company of the Fifth Iowa cavalry, about 800 men.

During the forenoon of Feb. 3 a citizen brought word to Colonel Harding, commandant of the post, that the Confederates were coming. Harding prepared to fight. The position was surrounded by a ridge, which he crowned with [illegible] guns and placed a siege at the weakest points on his line of defense. The guns could sweep the outside of the breastworks, and he relied chiefly upon their execution to repulse a charge. At 1:30 p. m. a flag of truce came to the lines with the following ringing summons to surrender:

> To the Commanding Officer at Fort Donelson:
>
> Having invested Fort Donelson with a force sufficient to take it and desiring to prevent the effusion of blood, we have the honor to demand an immediate and unconditional surrender of the fort, with all the forces, stores, etc. If you surrender, you will be treated as prisoners of war; if not, you must abide the consequences.
>
> JOSEPH WHEELER,
> Chief Commander.
> N. B. FORREST,
> Commanding Cavalry Division.
> JOHN A. WHARTON,
> Commanding Cavalry Division.

The reply was couched in fewer words, but left no doubt as to the spirit of the writer. It read:

> I decline to surrender the forces under my command or the post without an effort to defend them.
>
> A. C. HARDING,
> Colonel Commanding.

Forrest had with him 800 men, and Wharton's force numbered 2,000 sabers. Both columns attacked simultaneously. Three Confederate batteries rained shots upon the Federals, raking the line lengthwise. In his first rush Forrest carried the outer trenches, but Harding safely withdrew his men and guns to a shorter line. To prevent the removal of the guns the Confederates aimed at the horses and shot down all but the wheel team of one piece. After seeing the other guns safe the cannoneers returned in the face of Wharton's onrushing line to recover the one in danger. Cutting loose the four dead animals, the driver mounted, but the off horse was instantly shot, leaving the gun helpless. The cannoneers fought with rammers and spikes until overpowered. Meanwhile the Illinois men poured a biting rifle fire upon the charging ranks. Forrest's horse was east and fell with his rider. Supposing their leader killed, the troopers turned and fled.

With the repulse of Forrest, Harding's men again occupied the old lines. A thirty-two pounder siege gun was brought to bear upon the threatened point and double shotted with canister. Forrest's men rushed forward, to be met with the canister at ten paces. Colonel McNairy of Forrest's staff and several other officers, together with scores of men, fell. Having [illegible] guns. Against this line Forrest [illegible] within thirty paces [illegible]

[illegible]

During the [illegible] of Wheeler's attack Colonel Harding stripped the line around the siege gun where Forrest had been checked with [illegible] of its defenders and sent them to the points of danger. That was Forrest's opportunity, but his brigade was out of the fight for good. So rapid had been the firing of the infantry that their ammunition was nearly exhausted. The only reserve supply at the post was in a section that had been cut off by the charging Confederates from the main part of the garrison around the siege gun and near Colonel Harding's headquarters. Three out of nine of the Illinois companies were in rifle pits near the ammunition. Adjoining these were some rifle pits which had been abandoned early in the fight. Just at sundown the Illinoisans at headquarters arose from their pits with a yell and started at double quick for their ammunition. The Confederates who lay in the pathway ran from the field without an attempt at resistance, and when darkness fell the garrison held the same works as at the opening of the attack.

Soon after dark Wheeler again summoned Colonel Harding to surrender, saying that he had not yet put half his force into action and would renew the attack. Again Harding spurned the idea of yielding.

But the danger was not over. Forrest had penetrated within short canister range of the siege gun in his boldest charge, and the advance line of the enemy lay within 100 yards of the main rifle pits. The guns were short of friction primers, and the siege piece, being too heavy to remove, was spiked and abandoned.

A council was held in the Confederate bivouac which decided to suspend the attack. Later word reached Wheeler that a fleet of transports was coming up the river loaded with Federal troops and convoyed by gunboats. Warned by this and the stubbornness of the defense, he ordered a retreat.

Colonel Harding's loss in battle was sixty-four killed and wounded, a trifle in comparison with that of the Confederates. Wharton's command lost eighty-five killed and wounded and Forrest over 200.

General Wheeler's explanation of his failure to retake Donelson was that his soldiers were short of ammunition. The order to march had come before the troopers in [illegible] had filled their ammunition boxes. Colonel Harding's gallant defense of the classic citadel aroused the admiration of the assailants.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

WHEELER'S TROOPERS CAPTURING A FEDERAL GUN

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HANS PETERSON'S ROMANCE

By E. A. Korsmeyer

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

Hulda was having a hard time of it. In her heart of hearts she could not quite decide which one she loved best. Hans, she had to confess, had some advantages which weighed with her. Mr. Barton, the man who owned the place across the street, was particular about his furnace man, and she knew he liked Hans. Besides, Hans could speak Swedish, and she couldn't deny that it was pleasant to talk with him in the accents of the dear old home she had left so far behind.

But whenever his plain, open countenance, with the blue eyes twinkling below the yellow hair, was pictured in her mind she [illegible] a dozen [illegible] Sunday [illegible] Swede [illegible]

James [illegible] right [illegible] and she had looked for [illegible]. She had known him almost as long as she had Hans, and he was so good to her. On Sundays in the park he would get her a seat close up to the band stand. Then when the concert was over he would buy some peanuts, and together they would stroll through the part of the park that had signs to keep off the grass stuck up all over it. Of course he could go anywhere.

James knew that Hans was his rival, for one Saturday night he had come to see Hulda and had found Hans there. Hulda had said:

"[illegible], Mr. Peterson."

[illegible]

Indeed James took so little pains to cultivate Hans' acquaintance that he never even learned what his rival did for a living. [illegible]

How Hulda would have [illegible] to know [illegible] guess. Hank did not know Hulda. He does not know her to this day. And yet it was none other than Hank who all unknowingly [illegible] her heart's desire.

Hank O'Day drove to his ice wagon a pair of high spirited horses. One morning when his wagon was empty his [illegible] instincts led him to lay his route back to the ice yards along the street that skirted the park.

Just as the chariot of fate was nearing Hulda's home the chain at the back of the wagon slipped and let the end gate drag upon the [illegible]. Hank swore softly, stopped his team and jumped to the pavement to fasten the chain. He jerked it quickly through the iron rings and then swore again as the team, alarmed by the sudden noise, galloped madly down the avenue and made straight for the nearest entrance to the park.

The horrified Hank stood still long enough to see the end gate banging out defiance. Then he started after the runaways as fast as his rubber boots would let him run.

When Officer James Daniels turned from his faithful guardianship of a bevy of simpering nursegirls in the park, he saw coming toward him at full speed a pair of wild eyed horses and an ice wagon swaying from side to side. Behind the seat of the wagon stood a man trying desperately to get hold of the reins.

In an instant James recognized the waving yellow hair and pale features as those of Hans Peterson, and in the same moment, like an inspiration, there came to him the realization of his opportunity. He ran out into the roadway and as the flying wagon passed caught the chain of the end gate and swung himself into the box.

As he gained his feet the wagon slowed suddenly, and he lurched forward to bring up against the back of the sturdy Swede. Seizing him firmly by the collar, Officer Daniels gasped:

"I arrest you—in the name of the law!"

Hans did not quite understand, but the hand on his collar in the moment of his success made him angry.

"Whad yo' say? Led me go!"

"I say you are under arrest." James was getting his breath again. "This is against the law, you know."

"What is agains' da law?"

"Driving traffic teams in the park. Come, you'll have to go with me to the station."

The officer tried to pull Hans out of the wagon, but the latter still held the reins and refused to go. In his broken English he explained, he expostulated, he all but exploded. Another officer was approaching.

"Come on now; drop those lines. This other officer will take care of your team."

Hans dropped the reins and appealed to the other policeman. But the newcomer was indifferent. If Hans had been arrested, why of course he would have to go to the station.

The magistrate was busy when they arrived, and it was upon the officer's recommendation that Hans was allowed to go until afternoon, when he would have his hearing. To have Hans released was the scheme James had evolved. Hans would have to explain where he wanted to go when he left the house in the afternoon. Thus his employer would learn all and Hans, at least disgraced, might possibly lose his place. Would she of the flaxen hair and the wide, admiring eyes hesitate any longer? James smiled as he strolled back on post.

In the afternoon Officer Daniels, Hans Peterson, Hank O'Day and Mr. Barton, the man Hans worked for, came into court. The officer told the circumstances of the arrest and dwelt at length upon the [illegible] case of violation of the city ordinances. Then Hank O'Day explained who he was and how his horses had become frightened. Hans took the stand and said he "yust yump in da wagon to stop 'll," and finally Mr. Barton informed the court that Hans worked for him and had never driven an ice wagon in his life.

The judge turned to James again, and when the officer had nothing to say began to talk himself. He talked for quite awhile, and most of the time he addressed his remarks to Officer D[illegible]

[illegible]

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Fine Tailoring,

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Wool and Hair.

[illegible] and growth of wool and hair are [illegible] identical with the [illegible] of the body [illegible] death of the animal in whose skin they have taken root. The root of the hair extends [illegible] which is formed [illegible] containing the pigment which gives [illegible] to the hair itself. Each row [illegible] As the [illegible] wool [illegible] very [illegible]

[illegible] wool [illegible] shows [illegible] Wool [illegible] "fibres," which is one of its distinguishing peculiarities. The "wool" of the negro is [illegible] hair [illegible] straight hair. The same may be said of [illegible] hair in the white races.

Love and Quarrels.

Every man and woman of us who has lived long enough in the world to gain wisdom by experience will be obliged to admit the strange sad union of love and quarreling. But every one of us who has lived deeply enough to know that experience worketh hope will admit that when love quarrels with its beloved it is just because this noble ideal of unity has run off the track, so to speak; a virtue has gone to seed; a divine quality has developed a defect. The outlook for quarrelsome love is not so hopeless when we can understand this. See how it would work if those two squabbling sisters would either of them stop to remember that it is only love, foolish, exasperating, unbalanced love, that is responsible for the ill bred domestic criticism that spoils the home life. If Jane once honestly believed that Mary's love made her so unpleasant she would stop aghast, amused no doubt and very likely touched, but almost certainly silenced. And that would be the end of the quarrel.—Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar.

Qualities of the Topaz.

The name of the precious stone inserted in the ring of Gyges has not been handed down to us, but it is probable that it was the topaz, whose wonders Philostrates recounts in the life of Apollonius. An attribute of the sun and of fire, the ancients called it the gold magnet, as it was credited with the power of attracting that metal, indicating its veins and discovering treasures. Heliodorus in his story of Theagenes and Charicles says that the topaz saves from fire all those who wear it and that Charicles was preserved by a topaz from the fiery vengeance of Arsaces, queen of Ethiopia.

This stone was one of the first talismans that Theagenes possessed in Egypt. The topaz at present symbolizes Christian virtues—faith, justice, temperance, gentleness, clemency.—Paris Figaro.

Parrot Language.

Do parrots understand what they say? A correspondent writes that a friend with a fine green Brazilian parrot has been staying with her. A gray parrot was introduced one day, but the Brazilian haughtily declined to have anything to say to the gray. Then another friend who had just been given a newly imported green Brazilian brought the newcomer to call. The moment the parrots caught sight of each other they broke into a torrent of apparently articulate language, consisting, as it seemed, of questions and answers, but what the language was no one present could tell, and a few days later, when they met again, exactly the same thing happened. Was the first parrot, long exiled from its native forests, asking eagerly for news of its people?

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Official Directory

STATE

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane, J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—[illegible] E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—[illegible] M. Olson, Smethport.
Register—J. E. [illegible], Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—[illegible], Kane; [illegible] Peterson, Bradford; W. T. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broder.
Auditors—[illegible], Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers [illegible]

[illegible]

Burgess—J. W. Brown [illegible]

[illegible]

Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, L. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets [illegible] Wednesday of each month at [illegible] o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

[illegible], W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible]

W. G. DOLDER, Sec'y.

[illegible]

H. L. [illegible]

W. R. C.—Meets [illegible] at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. [illegible], Pres.
MRS. ROSE [illegible], Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 18, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keys Hall.

Z. [illegible], M. W.
J. [illegible] GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. [illegible], meets [illegible] at I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible] WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—[illegible] Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Thursday afternoons.

[illegible], Com.
Lizzie E. Hu[illegible], R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch [illegible], meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Parkes Block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday [illegible] in the M. E. church.

[illegible], Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m., Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. [illegible], 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..............10:59 a. m.
Train 1-6, week days...............7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days...............9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days...............2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 6:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (1[illegible] a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:10 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Week days.

NORTH		STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.			Ar. P. M.
[illegible]		Ridgway	12 01
[illegible]		[illegible]	11 [illegible]
[illegible]		Glen Hazel	11 28
[illegible]		Shawmut	11 [illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]	11 [illegible]
[illegible]		Smith's Run	11 [illegible]
[illegible]		Wesley	11 04
[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

[illegible]

St. Marys & Southwestern Railroad

Time Table No. [illegible]. Passenger Train Schedule. [illegible]

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

[illegible]

SHAWMUT DIVISION

Southward Read down			STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up	
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.50	11.52		Wedendorf	6.18	[illegible]
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.19		North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.45
		AM			PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.50	7.32	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.01	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dr	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld June	7.37	2.42	9.31
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport,			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.25
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Her Beau From Hartford

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1907, by Zoe Anderson Norris

SAILING unexpectedly, I had written a friend to find me a room, and she had found me that. Back in my own country I had gone to her door one evening at [illegible]. She let me in, and [illegible] window, she pointed out [illegible] the middle of the [illegible] away.

"It's there that I have engaged you a room," she told me. "I engaged it particularly for tonight."

I had not taken off my things. I started out.

"You will be back for dinner, won't you?" she asked, with a wistful "You won't be back for dinner, will you?" air. And I had replied, "No. I may as well stay to dinner there. They will charge me for it all the same."

The room was not so bad as it might have been, and the house was a handsome one, but the general atmosphere of it was such as struck me with amazement. The little woman who kept it had just moved in from a flat. The carpets consequently fitted like postage stamps, the furniture appeared to have shrunk and the curtains when they hung at all hung three feet from the floor.

I said to myself at first, "I cannot stay here."

Then I began to grow interested.

In spite of the fact that several large trunks whose contents should have had to a certain degree the effect of establishing my respectability followed in my wake, I was politely but firmly requested to pay in advance.

I did so.

The money went to buy necessary furniture for my room.

Having struggled some myself and, alas, the struggling isn't quite over yet—I looked upon the convulsive efforts of that little woman to furnish her house and her table at the same time with such interested interest that ultimately I paid her two weeks in advance instead of one.

Thus the stairs were carpeted and a rug was eventually placed at the entrance in the hall.

In the intervals of cooking, washing, ironing and scrubbing the little woman came to me and told me her tale of woe.

It was in vain that I sat before an expectant typewriter, glancing significantly down now and again at waiting keys.

She talked to me.

"It is all for Muriel," she said. "I want to make that girl's life worth living. Mine never was. I want her to have things she should have, things girls love, pretty clothes, hats, shoes, gloves, ribbons. I want to make her a happy girl. Why, after all my work yesterday what do you think I did?"

I couldn't imagine, but I knew well enough what I must do if I wanted any butter on my daily bread, and what I couldn't do if she kept on talking.

"I sat up till 3 o'clock making a party dress to send her at Hartford," she informed me. "She's going to a ball there tonight. I had to have it ready for the express this morning. I sat up nearly all night long finishing it."

It was in this way that she repeated herself, taking up the time.

I leaned my elbows on the table and, looking hard at her, tried to mesmerize her into going away.

"She is coming home in three days or four," she went on, and talked a blue streak for half an hour before she finally took herself off.

In due time she came, that wonderful Muriel.

Going down to dinner one evening I found her at table.

I was filled with astonishment at the sight of her. Her mother, with all her talk, had not prepared me for her exquisite beauty.

She was not only beautiful, but she possessed a certain style incomprehensible in a girl of her position. I discovered later that her mother made her clothes. This served to increase my surprise, for her mother had next to no style at all. The reason for this, however, was forgivable. She spent nothing on herself and every cent that she could spare from the furniture on the girl.

I confess that it gave me a sort of shock to see this exquisite creature take up the bell and ring for her mother to bring in her dinner, as if that mother were a servant, but the mother allayed the shock by explaining. She wouldn't allow Muriel in the kitchen. There were various and sundry reasons, it seemed, for this. First, the girl didn't know enough to pound sand when it came to cooking; second, she wouldn't be bothered with teaching her, and the thirdlies, fourthlies and fifthlies I have forgotten.

The shock was entirely dispelled when I found her on the following morning prone upon her knees on the hall floor washing up its marble. It changed to respect as she swept down the stairs, cleaned the parlor, dusted the banisters, tables and chairs, and when, with untucked skirts and dust-cap, like a maid in a comic opera, she knocked at my door to clean up my room it vanished entirely; and, stopping my work by way of reward, I talked to her.

"Did you have a nice time at your party in Hartford, Muriel?" I asked.

"Pretty nice," she replied. "Mamma made me a dress that looked fine a little way off. It was black lace over white sateen, but they wrote it up 'black lace over white satin.' It's all right when they put it like that in the papers, but it's awful to have to wear sateen all the time in the place of satin."

"Your mamma sat up all night nearly making it for you," said I.

"I know that," she nodded. "There are no flies on mamma, if she wouldn't yell so. Listen!"

Yell! The welkin rang with shrieks of:

"Muriel! Muriel! Muriel!"

"Hush!" the girl cried back. "I am coming."

She [illegible] down. Presently returning she [illegible] against the shut door, ex[illegible].

"What did she [illegible]?" I [illegible] [illegible].

"A thousand things at once! I don't know what on earth is the matter with mamma going on so."

"She's all nerves trying to run this boarding house on nothing."

"She [illegible] have done it. We had enough to live on without."

I knew. I had heard her mother say. Just enough barely, and she had to go down on her knees. [illegible] kept so proud somewhere about the premises who assisted her solely in the

SHE BENT HER HEAD OVER THE HANDLE OF THE BROOM

matter of attending to the furnace—attending to it in a manner so exceedingly peculiar that the cold air came up to the rooms instead of the hot—for every single cent of spending money she had in the world, and was that any sort of way for a woman to live?

I was about to repeat this to the girl, but concluded not. It was hardly worth while. Besides, as usual, the typewriter waited.

She finished cleaning and stood near the door, broom and duster in hand.

"Thank you," said I. "You are the prettiest chambermaid I ever had, Muriel."

She smiled.

"Shall I do some living pictures for you this morning?" she inquired.

I am never proof against those living pictures of Muriel's.

Leaning back in my chair, "Go on," said I.

She did three.

Begging me to imagine her rustic swain opposite her and the spire in the distance, she bent her charming young head over the handle of her broom and impersonated "The Angelus."

"Superb!" I exclaimed, with clappings of hands. "I can hear the peal of the bells almost, you beautiful girl!"

Encouraged, she stood upright and with shut eyes impersonated "Night." Opening them, big, long lashed, gray, she was a radiant "Morning."

The shrill cry of "Muriel! Muriel! Muriel!" broke in upon this living picture.

"My goodness!" she ejaculated. "There she is again! My beau is coming from Hartford to see me," turning, with her hand on the knob. "If she goes on like this, I can see my finish. She and that old 'Rooms For Rent' on the outside door will disgrace me."

The "Rooms For Rent" disgraced me too. It was written with a scratch pen on a ragged piece of paper and pasted jaggedly across beneath the bell. I scratched it off, printed a neat calling card on my typewriter, stuck it above the knob and walked down a step or two to observe the effect.

"It is better," said Muriel. "And the beauty of it is that it comes on and off."

I grew not only accustomed to the place, but attached to it. Used to the simplicity of the old country, its bareness affected me little so long as it was clean, and it was always that, the halls scrubbed to the purity of whiteness and the floors well waxed.

Added to which the cooking of Muriel's mother bordered upon perfection, the dining room, with its matting, its swiss curtains and its snowy table, was tempting, and through the open grating of the window not many rejected manuscripts were passed by the blue coated postman of mornings, and often some checks.

The house began gradually to fill up with furniture. The little woman, standing weary hours in auction rooms, bought bargains for songs, but the rent hung like a hideous nightmare over her, and the continuous strain left nervous prostration dangling in its trail.

I sat with my back to the windows writing. Those who entered the door faced that light. I could see wild gleams in the eyes of Muriel's mother when she stood there. Her excited call [illegible] the silence, the girl's [illegible]. It was painful to [illegible] her young voice in [illegible].

One morning her mother knocked, entered and stood before me with the light in her eyes and on her face, not old, but rapidly growing so.

I stopped my work to listen.

"I've spent every cent on the furniture this month," she commenced, "and today is my rent day."

"How much is due?"

She named the sum.

It staggered me somewhat. I studied the situation from all sides. Already I was four weeks in pawn, with no hope that I could see of getting out. If she were lately rejected I should lose that four weeks' board. [illegible]

Poor [illegible] I had no money to [illegible] [illegible] what it was to [illegible] [illegible] my board money [illegible] at any moment the [illegible] was liable to [illegible]. However, I went to my desk and drew [illegible] a check that had been passed [illegible] of the dining room window [illegible] worth [illegible] I handed it to her.

"You have saved my life," she said, though I hadn't thought it was quite so bad as that.

She [illegible] from the landlord with [illegible].

"[illegible]" she [illegible]. "Who is this you've been boarding with you?" he asked, and I answered, "A woman who writes for many magazines."

"Who writes for many magazines," I corrected, "and gets her stuff accepted by a few."

"It's all the same," she declared, with a toss of her head (but it isn't). "I'm proud of you."

The [illegible] that followed went by for me [illegible], but for Muriel they were [illegible].

"The truth," confessed her mother, "that I am doing it all for her sake, and she [illegible]. I must scream at her [illegible] night to make her mind."

"If you are not careful," I advised on a day when I felt like advising, which happily isn't often, "you'll have the contrary effect of dashing down this house of cares you are wearing yourself out erecting."

And then the [illegible] came down from Hartford. It happened like this: I had been out shopping somewhere. Returning, I was amazed to find the card gone off the door and the old paper, more faded, more disreputable than ever, pasted zigzag across.

Muriel admitted me. Somehow I never felt the need of a servant in that house. Muriel was so beautiful, opening the door.

"How's this, Muriel?" I asked. "What made you put the old card back again?"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Wait and I'll tell you."

I peeped through the double doors of the parlor, and there sat her beau from Hartford.

I rushed upstairs, and by and by she followed me, stood in her old position with her back against the shut door and began explaining:

"I wasn't going to try to fool him," she said. "If he really cared for me, I thought he'd care for me in spite of it, and if he didn't care then the game wasn't worth the candle. So I told him all about it, how we kept boarders for

"HUSH!" SHE WHISPERED.

a living, how mamma stayed in the kitchen half of her time cooking, how papa tended the furnace and Uncle Jim drove a dray wagon. You didn't know that yourself, did you? Well, he does. I told him what a ramshackly old time we had of it getting along at that; then there was the paper on the door."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"He just put his arms around me," she smiled—what a beauty the girl was—"and said it didn't make any difference to him. It wasn't mamma he cared about or papa or Uncle Jim or the house. It was me." A flush rose to her eyes, to the roots of her fluffy hair as she repeated softly, "It was me!"

I threw my hat in the air and caught it by the stem of a dangling flower as it came sailing down again.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "Three rousing cheers for the beau from Hartford!"

A COMPANION OF THE VOYAGE

By Howard Fielding

Copyright, 1907, by Charles W. Hooke

FRESH AT NO [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] L. N. G. [illegible]

[illegible]

"L. Nestor Grew," replied Paulding. "Why?"

Storrow [illegible] a hole in the newspaper with his cigar [illegible] the place.

"I think this concerns you," he said.

Paulding read the advertisement.

"[illegible]," he said. "Mr. [illegible] referred to me [illegible] where I was to be in New York, and I gave him your number, as you'd asked him to stay with you while. When you told me of the fire yesterday morning that you'd been burned out of your rooms, I [illegible] to say anything to Grew about it. In fact, I never expected him to call anyhow. We were mere traveling acquaintances, and I didn't care for [illegible]."

"Your friend Grew," said Storrow thoughtfully, "went up to No. 73 last evening and saw the result of Tuesday's fire. I dare say he tried to find out where I'd gone, but there was nobody to ask except the watchman, and he knew nothing about it. So he went down to the newspaper office and put in this advertisement."

The waiter presented the check at this moment, and Storrow signed it. They had breakfasted at his club. As they were leaving the building Paulding stopped so suddenly that a swinging door through which he had just passed came back and hit him on the elbow. Therefore a note of pain was mingled with the exclamation of surprise which he was uttering at the moment. He drew up his injured arm slowly, pulling the hand out of his overcoat pocket and exhibiting to Storrow's gaze a matchbox of oxidized silver.

"How the deuce do I happen to have this thing in my pocket?" he cried. "It's Grew's."

Storrow took the box, opened and closed the lid and returned it to his friend.

"You don't mean to suggest," said he, "that [illegible] to see you can have anything to do with this?"

"I remember his saying that he thought a great deal of it," responded Paulding. "Looks like a cheap sort of thing, don't you think?"

Storrow did not reply. He turned back into the club.

"Call up the Winbrook over the telephone," said he, "and ask the clerk to

"AND BLUE EYES."

tell Mr. Grew that you'll leave his matchbox at the hotel during the day."

Paulding went into the little booth and remained about five minutes. When he came out he looked puzzled.

"Singular coincidence," said he. "Mr. Grew happened to be there when I rang up. [illegible] to leave a message for him. The [illegible] said, 'Here's Mr. Grew,' and [illegible] instant I was talking with him. I gave him my address at your new rooms. He's coming up this evening."

"What did he say about the matchbox?"

"Seemed glad to know I had it," replied Paulding. "Said he'd get it this evening. I suggested that I'd drop it during the day at his hotel, but it seems that he's not to be there. He's coming up to your rooms about half past 8. You don't mind?"

"I've a great curiosity to see the fellow," responded Storrow.

Their various affairs of the day separated the two young men, but they were to meet at the rooms at 6 o'clock. Paulding alone was prompt to this appointment. He found a note in a large envelope suspended from the chandelier, and this was the message:

Dear Bart—Mrs. Jack has decided to go to Chicago tonight, and I shall put her aboard the train. She'll take our stuff to Jack, including the can of tobacco. I shall dine at my aunt's house in Brooklyn. Sorry that you probably won't get this in time to go over there. You'd never find the place anyhow. Hold Grew till I get back. I shall be there before 9 [illegible] as the Chicago train leaves the Grand Central at 9:30.
C. R. S.

The lady referred to in this note was the wife of John Storrow of Chicago. Barton Paulding had met these people in England, where he and Charles R. Storrow had become close friends in the course of two years when they were students together at Oxford. He was sorry to miss the chance of saying goodby to Mrs. Jack and was inclined to blame Grew for the loss of it.

The appointment was for half past 8, but Mr. Grew was somewhat in advance of it. He had a nervous effusiveness of manner, and he seemed to be overcome with joy at the sight of Paulding.

[illegible]

"Sit down," said Paulding, "and have a pipe."

"Now, that shows the true instinct of a good fellow," exclaimed Grew. "A pipe was the very thing that I was thinking of—a pipe filled with that exquisite tobacco of yours. Do you remember how I sponged on you for it during the voyage—how I used to come to your room and fill my little pouch out of the [illegible] tin for a day's smoking?"

"If you hadn't praised it so highly," said Paulding, "you could have some now. But you talked me into such an admiration of it that I've sent the tin to a friend of mine in Chicago."

Grew had selected a pipe and was trying the draft of it while his sharp eyes roved about the room, to rest at last in a piercing glance upon Paulding's face. As the young man ceased speaking Grew slowly removed the pipe from his mouth.

"I'm afraid this stem is broken," said he, and, in fact, the amber mouthpiece was split and crushed as if a dog had bitten it.

"Really," he continued, "you're too generous. You'll get no taste of that delicious [illegible] in this country. May I ask who will be the fortunate possessor of it?"

"John Storrow," replied Paulding.

"I trust you wrapped it safely," said Grew, with a laugh. "Some of our express companies are confoundedly careless. Which one did you send it by?"

"Mrs. Storrow takes it," said Paulding. "She's going west tonight."

Grew remarked that this was singular in view of the fact that he himself had meditated starting for Chicago at midnight over the Pennsylvania, so that he might have been upon the same train.

"I think my instinct would have told me that that tobacco was aboard," he continued, "even though it should be locked up in the lady's trunk in the baggage car."

"She's going by the New York Central," said Paulding, "and the tobacco is in a handbag, with a lot of odds and ends that Charley Storrow and I are sending to his brother."

"Storrow, Storrow," repeated Grew. "Mrs. John Storrow of Chicago. Upon my word, I believe I've had the pleasure of meeting the lady. May I ask what is her style of beauty?"

"Tall and very fair, pale yellow hair."

"And blue eyes, beautiful blue eyes!" exclaimed Grew, rising. "Yes, indeed."

"Well, naturally her eyes are blue," responded Paulding, filling his pipe. "She's a stunning, pretty woman."

"She is, and that's a fact," said Grew. "I wish I had known that she was in town. I would have ventured to call, although my acquaintance with the lady is really very slight. However, it's too late now. She is gone, and so is your wonderful tobacco—or will be within an hour."

He drew out his watch and glanced at it as if to verify his guess. Then he selected a pipe and filled it with a smoking mixture which he presently pronounced remarkably good, though not equal to the contents of the lamented tin that was so soon to start westward.

A conversation of no particular interest followed, and a quarter before 9 o'clock Grew took his leave, despite Paulding's attempts to "hold him," as Storrow had requested.

The man was no sooner gone than it occurred to Paulding that he might have time to reach the Grand Central station and say goodby to Mrs. Jack. Accordingly, he started out afoot, knowing that the distance was not great; but, being a stranger in the city, he lost his way, and it was ten minutes past 9 when he reached the station. With more address than would have been expected of such a slow going fellow, he got admission to the train shed, but he failed to find his friends. Either they had come early or they had missed connections altogether.

The train was upon the point of starting when Paulding was amazed by the sight of L. Nestor Grew, who suddenly stepped down from one of the cars carrying a dark colored alligator skin satchel.

"Storrow's!" exclaimed Paulding. "By Jove, there's some sort of game here!"

The next instant he had laid his hand upon Grew's shoulder. The man jumped as if he had been stabbed and tried to wrench himself free. The train began to move. There was no time for words. Paulding tore the satchel from Grew's grasp, and in the momentary struggle the weaker man fell to his knees. He rose slowly, as if dazed, though Paulding was not conscious of having struck him. He himself meanwhile had boarded the train, which was rapidly gaining speed. Grew ran beside it. He made a vain attempt to get a footing upon one of the vestibuled platforms and fell [illegible] clear of the wheels. [illegible] again, it was too late.

Paulding made his way [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] with a big [illegible] on a white coat.

"There it is!" exclaimed a [illegible] voice from behind the porter. "[illegible] got it."

The colored man squared his broad shoulders.

"This lady she say you got her trav'lin' bag," said he.

A beauteous vision came into Paulding's range of view as he [illegible] off the porter's grasp. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Quite so," [illegible] Paulding nervously. "I knocked him down and

"IS THIS YOURS?"

took it away from him. But he didn't mean to steal your bag. He was looking for somebody else."

"He asked me was there a tall, yaller haired blond in mah car," said the porter. "He say she was his wife, an' she done forgot somethin'."

"He was looking for a tin of tobacco," said Paulding weakly.

The young lady laughed somewhat hysterically.

"Do you mean to say that this man plotted and committed this queer robbery for a box of tobacco?" she demanded.

"I don't know," said Paulding, shaking his head slowly. "That's all I can make out of it. Is there any way of finding out whether Mrs. John Storrow of Chicago is on this train? She's the lady who has the tobacco, you see."

The porter, to whom the question was addressed, thought that the information could be readily obtained, and he took counsel with one of his colleagues. Meanwhile Paulding strove to put upon a better footing his acquaintance with the young lady, who graciously consented to hear his story and to favor him with her name. She was Miss Muriel Ames of Albany, and in the light of her countenance Paulding was in danger of forgetting that there was any mystery in that person's remarkable proceedings, but suddenly there was a dainty flutter of feminine garments, and Mrs. Jack Storrow appeared. She was followed by a porter who bore a black alligator skin satchel.

After a scene full of question marks and exclamation points and hasty and informal introductions Mrs. Storrow, Miss Ames and Mr. Paulding, with the conductor of the train to lend the weight of his authority, discussed it together in the stateroom of the car. The tin of tobacco was brought forth and opened and its contents emptied upon a newspaper, with the result that every one sneezed.

The heap of tobacco seemed slowly to spread itself out, while strange, splendid fires shot from the heart of it. When these gleams were gathered, they proved to be almost a handful of unset diamonds of good size and admirable purity, about $50,000 worth in all, as afterward appeared.

The two young women fairly screamed at the sight of them, while Paulding voiced his amazement in such polite English expletives as may be used in a mixed company.

"I guess it's all clear enough," said the conductor. "This fellow Grew was smuggling these things in. He got the tip from somebody after he was aboard the steamer that he was known to have the goods on him. He couldn't be caught with them, and he didn't know how to take them through, so he picked you out to do it for him. He buried this stuff in your tobacco; shoved the diamonds down to the bottom of the can with a pipe stem probably. I call it a pretty slick game. We'll count and seal up these diamonds, and I'll turn 'em over to the police in Poughkeepsie. They'll wire New York and catch Grew. You can give them the description."

Paulding shifted about in his seat and glanced furtively at Miss Ames.

"Couldn't we do it just as well in Albany?" said he. "I—I've never been in Albany, and I'd really like to see it, don't you know."

"You will like it very much," said Miss Ames. "I expect to be there all winter. My father is a banker there."

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ADVENTURE OF A QUEEN'S COURIER

By Herbert Montmorency

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"I AM afraid I cannot emulate the example of my fellow couriers," said Major Maurice, "and delight the members of the club with a thrilling story of adventure abroad for the simple reason that during the short period I had the honor of serving her majesty my duties were entirely confined to journeys within the boundaries of Great Britain. But the memory of one little episode in my career will last me a long time, and, if in accordance with the desires of my brethren around the table, I will relate a little adventure."

There was a loud burst of applause, and the major, having prepared his vocal organs by a glass of wine, commenced his story.

"It was in 188- [illegible] one October night I was waiting in the state apartments at Windsor for a most important dispatch which was to be conveyed by my hands to St. Stephen's. I had given orders for a special train, enough to take me from Windsor to Waterloo, and arrangements had been made for a clear line. A great crisis awaited the action of the government, which would be taken upon the document containing the queen's signature, which I was to convey to London. My mission was of the utmost importance. It was nearly 10 o'clock before I received the document, and in a very few moments I was whirling rapidly in the direction of the railway station.

"Arrived there, I hurriedly left the carriage, dashed into the station and made my way toward the departure platform. I had barely reached this when two well dressed men darted out from a recess in which they had been lurking and approached me. One of them [illegible] upon my shoulder.

"'What is the meaning of this?' I said. 'Hands off! Who are you? Here, station master,' I said, [illegible] in the direction of that individual, [illegible] on the platform, [illegible] fellows and what do they want?'

"But before the station master could answer my question the intentions of the men were very apparent.

"'The game's up,' said the one who had clapped his hand upon my shoulder. 'You have played it a long time and so far have had the best of us. It's our turn now. Here, Bill, just help me with the bracelets.'

"I was struck breathless with astonishment as he produced a pair of handcuffs and, with the assistance of his companion, forcibly locked them upon my wrists.

"'This is an unwarrantable outrage!' I cried as soon as I could recover myself. 'You have made some terrible mistake, and you have made it at a very serious moment. If you are officers of the law, as I suppose you are, let me inform you that I am a messenger of state proceeding upon an important political errand.'

"'Yes,' said the man who had first spoken; 'we know all about that. You will have a better acquaintance with state matters by and by. It is a clever deal, no doubt, but we have hung around a bit too long and too anxiously to be taken in by it. We will discuss your political errand later on. For the present, Mr. Price, let me formally say that I arrest you on a warrant charging you with the murder of Reginald Landgrove of Slough and also with various other crimes. Now, then, if you are ready we will make a move.'

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

"I was boiling with suppressed rage and excitement.

"'How dare you, sir?' I said. 'You must—you shall listen to what I have to say. You have made a mistake. My name is not Price. It is Maurice. If you will take these beastly things off my wrists, I will present you my card and also show you my papers. You have made a mistake, I say. I am courier of her majesty, and I command that I be liberated at once. The station master will tell you that I have a special train in waiting to convey me to London.'

"The appeal to the station master was fatal.

"'Oh, yes,' he said to the detectives. 'There was a train waiting, but that has gone with the gentleman who ordered it.'

"'It is a lie!' I said. 'I ordered the train and ordered it in person. Surely you ought to remember me?'"

It was the misfortune of the major to have an unmistakable limp. This it was that made him so certain that the station master would not mistake him.

"'Well, sir,' said the official, 'I do not know that I should recollect the gentleman who ordered the train any more than that he limped very badly, and that was what made me so positive about the gent who has gone off in the special, for he limped as if his leg was broken—a more real limp than the one I see you are putting on for the occasion. In other respects the gent who has just gone off and you are very much of a likeness.'

"The two officers seized me by either shoulder and began to urge me forward out of the station. As we marched into the road a rider on horseback came clattering up. Immediately he saw me he reined in and dismounted. Saluting respectfully, he said:

"'Her majesty has dispatched me after you, sir, in the hope that I should catch the train and commands that you present this document also with the others you have in your possession.'

"The detectives were staggered, and the man, finding that I did not take the document from him, looked down and saw the handcuffs.

"'What does this mean?' he said to the detectives.

"'It means,' I interrupted, 'that I have been arrested by mistake for some criminal who, owing to a likeness, [illegible] has gained possession of my special train to London and is now making good his escape.'

"It was the work of but a brace of seconds for the detectives to release my hands, [illegible] apologies the while. I unbuttoned my coat, showed them my credentials and the document with the royal seal on it and demanded to know, now that they had successfully interfered with the transaction of the queen's business through their blundering idiocy, whether they were prepared to set me at liberty.

"The men were overwhelmed with the seriousness of the fault of which they had been guilty, and their consternation was not decreased by the knowledge that the real criminal was speeding away at the rate of fifty miles an hour toward London. The first thought to be was to telegraph for the special train to be stopped at Staines, but the detective who hurried off to do this came flying back with the intelligence that the wire had been cut about four miles out of Windsor.

"'Is there another special to be had?' I inquired of the station master, who was by this time worked up into a frenzy of excitement.

"'No, sir,' he said, 'but there is an engine at your service if you would not mind making the journey in that. She is very fast and will do the journey up well within thirty minutes.'

"'What time will the special take?'

"'Fifty-eight minutes,' he replied.

"'And how much start has she?'

"'Twenty-five minutes.'

"'Then we ought to catch up with her,' I replied.

"'Just about, sir. You might somewhere the other side of Richmond if the engineer pushes the engine all he can.'

"'Then bring her alongside at once,' I said. And within two minutes we were off, the detectives also being on board.

"I stepped up to the side of the engineer.

"'Now,' I said to him as we got clear of the station, 'it is worth £20 to you and £10 to the fireman if we draw up with that special before Waterloo is reached.'

"'I will do my best,' said the driver, and, turning to his mate, he directed him to pile all the fuel possible on the fire.

"The plates grew redhot with the fierceness of the furnace that roared within, and on we went at a speed such as I never traveled before and hope never to travel again. That engine tore over the rails like a demon possessed of demons, and we clung breathlessly to the iron ledge before us.

"As we approached Staines the detective drew out a notebook and, still clinging with the hand with which he held the book to his support, scrawled with the other hand a rough message. It ran thus:

"Station Master, Staines:

"Wire Twickenham to stop special train ahead.

"He had hardly finished writing when we clattered through Staines station. An official was on the platform, and at him the detective threw a small silver matchbox containing the message.

"The moon had risen, and we saw trees and banks and telegraph poles flashing past us like continuous streaks.

"Through Asford and Feltham we dashed at a terrific speed and rumbled with a roar like thunder over the little bridge beneath which ripples the Crane on its way to feed the Thames. Still no sign of the special. But a mile farther on the engineer gave a shout of triumph.

"'There she is! There—right ahead! Just slackening down to go into Twickenham. The message has reached there all right, I know, and perhaps she has been delayed outside with the signal against her. Yes, that is it. There is the red light. Now we shall capture our quarry!'

"It was as he said. The train had been brought almost to a standstill. In a few moments we should be close upon her. The detective could scarcely contain himself for very delight. For me it would mean a momentary delay in changing from the engine to the special, but that would soon be accomplished, and I should continue my journey in comfort.

"Our engineer signaled to the man in front by means of the hooter, the immediate result of which was a still greater slackening of speed.

"At the same time our man shut off steam and applied the brake.

"And then as we were drawing slowly up toward the special we witnessed a strange thing.

"We saw a figure emerge from the train ahead on the footboard and slowly make his way in the direction of the engine. Then as we watched he suddenly pointed a revolver at the head of the engineer. Crack! And we saw the victim of this cold blooded outrage throw up his hands and reel into the arms of the fireman.

"Another instant and the man on the footboard was clambering up to the engineer's platform. The fireman, releasing his dying mate, rushed to the side and aimed a fierce blow at the intruder, but the villain dodged and once more fired his revolver. Without a groan the fireman fell back into the engine.

"Quickly gaining the footplates, the man switched on the steam and, pulling the lever, sent the train speeding over the ground. The guard, the only other living being on the train, had jumped to the ground upon the alarm of the pistol shot, and now he was left behind.

"We picked him up and again started in pursuit, but before we could get well under way the fugitive, tearing along at a frightful speed, managed to put half a mile between us.

"What a mad race that was! Through Twickenham and on through Richmond tore the runaway, heeding not signals. And we followed. It was a good thing that nothing was on the line, for there was no stopping that madman in front.

"Two miles past Richmond we rounded a curve, which brought us pretty close together; so close, indeed, that we could clearly distinguish the hunted man by the light of the engine fire piling on fuel in the vain endeavor to get away from us. Could he have gained a substantial lead there was no doubt that, guessing that he was pursued by the representatives of the law, he would have slackened down sufficiently to enable him to drop from one engine and then leave the train to pursue its way or perhaps with devilish design reverse the engine so that the thing would run backward until it collided with us.

"WITHOUT A GROAN THE FIREMAN FELL."

"We were within a quarter of a mile of the fugitive when without the slightest warning there was an awful explosion right ahead. The rails literally rocked with the force of it, and the roar and rumble were terrifying.

"And the special—where was it? A mass of splintered wood, the coach lay across the track hopelessly damaged, while the engine had been turned over on a bank, where it lay puffing and snorting for a moment or two. Then there was another roar. The boiler had burst. Debris flew in all directions.

"Fortunately we were far enough behind to be able to pull up dead just in the nick of time. When we hurried from our engine and rushed across to the mass of twisted wreckage we found the bodies of the two murdered men and the mangled remains of the murderer whom Nemesis had overtaken so speedily.

"It was then that I realized what a miraculous escape I had had. The train had been blown up by dynamite placed there by some miscreants. I learned afterward a plot had been hatched by some anarchists to murder a prominent statesman. The statesman in question had gone down to Windsor a few hours before I had left the castle, and it had been arranged to blow up his train as he returned."

Caught the Whole Class.

A teacher who maintains that there is altogether to much association of ideas without a proper understanding of their relative meanings has instituted a series of tests which might be regarded by some people as traps.

He wishes his pupils to acquire the art of accurate listening as well as quick thinking, and to this end he occasionally inserts one of his catch questions in the midst of a set of the ordinary sort.

He gives the two instances following, in which he says the answers came with joyful promptness from the entire class, not a single voice being missed from the chorus:

"Whose hatchet never told a lie?"

"George Washington's!"

"Whom did the negro slaves of this country free?"

"Abraham Lincoln!"

The Title of "Mrs."

The title Mrs. was in olden time applied to unmarried as well as to married women and to young as well as old. Sir Walter Scott spoke of Joanna (unmarried) as Mrs. Joanna Baillie. Although it was not perhaps so universal to address quite young children as it was those over twenty-one by the title of Mrs., yet it was frequently done. The most ludicrous example of this occurs in the register of burials for the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. The burial of Milton's second wife and that of his infant daughter, named after her, who died at the age of five months, are both recorded in that register, the name in each case being entered as "Mrs. Katherin Milton," without any mark of distinction save the letter "C" for "child," after the second name. Even in the reign of George II., as we read in "Pope's Letters," unmarried ladies used to be styled Mrs.

An Irish Verdict.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

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NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1903.

First and final account of [illegible] guardian of Frank Signore, minor child of Salvatore Signore, deceased.

First account of Victor Johnson, administrator of the estate of John Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of A. A. Johnson, administrator of the estate of Frank Oscar Johnson, deceased.

First and partial account of Edward Kelley, executor of the last will and testament of Mary Kelley, deceased.

First and partial account of Sheldon Gorton, ancillary administrator of the estate of Henry Morse, deceased.

First and final account of H. S. Rogers, administrator of the estate of John W. Cook, deceased.

First and final account of Gail Cohen, administratrix of the estate of Lewis H. Cohen, deceased.

First and final account of B. T. Lincoln, administrator of the estate of A. T. Godfrey, deceased.

First and final account of [illegible] E. Malone, administratrix of the estate of Elizabeth Hart, deceased.

First and final account of Daniel W. Henry, administrator of the estate of William [illegible], deceased.

First and final account of [illegible], administrator of the estate of W. W. Young, deceased.

First and final account of James Splain, administrator of the estate of Catherine Flemon, deceased.

First and final account of Enos B. Sage, administrator of the estate of William D. McBride, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., January 24, 1903.

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SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose to public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1903,

at 1 p. m. the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the township of Keating, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post 78 rods west of the northeast corner of lot No. 100, deeded to George Otto; thence north 51.3 rods to a post; thence east 168.9 rods to a post on the west bank of Potato creek; thence up the creek by its courses and distances to a post, the northeast corner of lot No. 24; thence west 164 rods to the centre of the road; thence by the centre of the road north 85½ deg. west 21.5 rods to a post; thence north 109 rods to the northeast corner of lot No. 100; thence west 78 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 84.4 acres and being a part of the land which was conveyed to Henry Hamlin by A. B. Walker, sheriff of McKean county, by a deed dated June 2d, 1890, recorded in the prothonotary's office in sheriff's deed book No. 1, at page 42.

Excepting and reserving therefrom and thereout a right of way conveyed to the P., S. & N. R. R. Co., containing 3.08 acres and described in a deed recorded in Deed Book No. 147, page 517; and a right of way conveyed to the Kushequa R. R. Co., containing 4.64 acres and described in a deed recorded in Deed Book No. 160, page 197.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house with wing; one one and one half story frame house; one frame barn, with basement; one board barn with [illegible] and having thereon a small orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of G. W. Peters [illegible] at the suit of Henry Hamlin.

John Forrest, plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the borough of Kane, McKean county and state of Pennsylvania, part of warrant No. 3,[illegible], being lot No. 8 [illegible], bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post marking the southeast corner of Hacker and Bayard streets; thence by the south line of Bayard street, thirty feet from the centre thereof, north seventy degrees east sixty feet (N. 70 degrees E. 60 ft.) to a post; thence by land now or late of D. Young, south twenty degrees east one hundred feet (S. 20 degrees E. 100 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to Bayard street, south seventy degrees west sixty feet (S. 70 degrees W. 60 ft.) to a post; thence by the east line of Hacker street thirty feet from the center line thereof north twenty degrees west one hundred feet (N. 20 degrees W. 100 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing six thousand square feet more or less. Being a portion of the premises which were conveyed to B. N. [illegible] by Elizabeth D. Kane by deed dated November 14th 1892, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 72 page 469, etc.

Improved and having thereon erected one three story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of [illegible] at the suit of [illegible] Loan Association.

N. [illegible], plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot or piece of land situate in Bradford City, McKean county, state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post seventy five (75) feet south of the southeast corner of Lothrop and Davis streets; thence easterly parallel with said Lothrop street ninety four and one-tenth (94 1/10) feet to a post; thence southerly parallel with said Davis street twenty five (25) feet to a post; thence westerly ninety four and one-tenth (94 1/10) feet to a post in the east line of Davis street; thence northerly along the east line of Davis street twenty five (25) feet to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 67 on map of Bayne, Amm and Kennedy's land as surveyed by Geo. T. Keith, surveyor, June A. D. 1878. Having erected thereon one two story dwelling house and being the same premises conveyed to Johanna Duffy first party by W. C. Walker and wife by deed dated October 18th, 1887 and recorded in the Recorder's Office in McKean county in Deed Book Vol. 40 page 281, etc.

Provided always nevertheless always that this present conveyance is made and accepted with full notice of, and subject to all and singular the reservations, exceptions, covenants, agreements, stipulations, conditions, etc. contained in the deed from Samuel G. Bayne and others to Mrs. Eliza Wagner bearing date the 4th day of January A. D. 1881, and recorded in the Office for recording Deeds, etc., in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 27 page 387, etc., reference thereto had the same will fully and at large appear.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Mary Casey at the suit of Johanna Kacey and Julia Wagner.

D. W. Healy and Jas. George, plaintiffs' attorneys.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land situate in Bradford City, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, in the Fifth Ward, bounded north by George Wright, east by Hogan, south by Joseph Duke and west by River street or lands of the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad Company, having a frontage on Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad Company of about fifty feet and running back easterly about one hundred and thirty feet and being same lot of land conveyed to said James E. Blair by John W. Brennan and Sarah Brennan, his wife, by deed dated the 7th day of March, 1891 and recorded in McKean county records in Deed Book Vol. 48 page 141, then by deed of James E. Blair and wife to Mrs. Josephine Tenny by deed dated 30 September, A. D. 1892. This money advanced is to apply on purchase of said house and lot from James E. Blair, said purchase being made here [illegible] even date with this mortgage. Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Frank G. Tenny in his own right and as Administrator of Josephine Tenny, deceased, at the suit of A. M. Williams, Assignee of Herman Jones, Agent.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1903

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